The Right Hand of Pierpont Morgan—By David Graham Phillips

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JUNE 28, 1902 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

The COPPER KING *by* Henry K. Webster

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The California King Gold Mines Company

"THE CALIFORNIA HOMESTAKE"

(Incorporated Under the Laws of Arizona)

Capital Stock, 1,000,000 Shares—Par Value, $5.00 Each

FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE

THERE ARE NO BONDS OR PREFERRED STOCK

AN OPPORTUNITY to invest in a high-class Gold Mine, managed by men of National reputation whose individual successes are proof of their ability, does not present itself every day, so that when such an opportunity is offered, it certainly is worthy of most careful investigation.

ABOUT THE MINES

The property of the California King Gold Mines Company is located in San Diego County, California, 20 miles north of Yuma, Arizona, five miles from the Colorado River, and consists of twenty-eight claims, occupying a ground area of 560 acres. The great value of the Rand Mines in South Africa is mainly due to their large deposit of low grade ore, and the use of the cyanide process to extract the value therefrom. The same is true of a number of mines in California; this rule also applies to the mines in the Black Hills, notably the Homestake of South Dakota, the Alaska Treadwell, the Alaska Mexican and the Alaska Consolidated. These mines have paid large dividends for the last twenty years, returning to the stockholders many times their original investment. Not one of these mines has anything like the amount of ore in sight that the California King has. The California King has immense deposits of low-grade, free milling ore. Five years' work has blocked out 15,000,000 tons of ore that will run in value from $3.00 to $5.00 per ton. Within the past three months a deposit of ore has been discovered which runs $10.00 per ton.

We call your particular attention to the following telegram from Senator Pettigrew. This refers to the deposit of $10.00 ore above referred to.

Yuma, Arizona, May 28, 1902.

WM. A. MEARS & CO.,
25 Broad Street, New York City

We have found the hanging wall for over three thousand feet and a great body of ore that will go ten dollars per ton. I believe the mine is worth very many millions.

(Signed) R. F. PETTIGREW.

It is impossible to estimate what this body of ore means in added value to the property.

A great many people watched the Homestake stock start at $1.50 per share, and advance steadily year in and year out, without investing in same until to-day the stock is selling at $115.00 per share and pays 50 cents per share per month, and has paid over $16,000,000 in dividends. People who missed this opportunity see where they missed the chance of making a fortune out of a very small investment. The Homestake Co. has just paid its 279th consecutive dividend, and has never missed a dividend since October, 1878. The people who purchased large blocks of this stock when it was first offered, and held same, have all become independently rich, as the stock has shown an advance of $5.00 per share per year. Investors who bought 100 shares of Homestake stock for $300.00 a few years ago, now have a profit of over $11,000.00 through the advance in price, and have received many times their original investment in the way of dividends. There is no reason why California King should not do better, as the Homestake started with only three claims, comprising about 25 acres, no ore in sight, and had to experiment upon the treatment of ores, while the California King starts with 560 acres of claims fully developed, and 15,000,000 tons of ore in sight.

THE PLANT

The Colorado Iron Works have almost completed the plant, which has a guaranteed capacity of 1000 tons per day. This mill will be in operation in July, and the payment of regular dividends will likely begin early in the Fall. The net daily profits from the operation of this mill should average $2500 on a basis of ore at $3.50 per ton. This will be the largest, most complete and modern cyanide plant in this country.

TREATMENT OF ORE

The ore of California King Mines is low grade, free milling. What we mean by free milling ore is ore from which, on being broken up, the gold will separate from all other substances.

The process of using cyanide of potassium is as follows: The ore is ground up to pass through a 20-mesh screen, when it is delivered into round iron tanks holding 500 tons each. A weak solution of cyanide of potassium is turned in until it covers the top to the depth of one or more inches. It is allowed to remain from 40 to 48 hours, when all the gold in the ore is dissolved by it and held in solution. The solution is then drawn off and is run through boxes containing very fine zinc shavings. The contact of the solution with the zinc shavings causes an instant precipitation of all the gold carried in the solution, and it drops to the bottom of the box.

OFFICERS:

JOHN P. JONES, President — R. F. PETTIGREW, Vice-President
CHAS. H. FAY, Treasurer — L. De W. SEAMAN, Secretary

DIRECTORS:

Hon. John P. Jones, Gold Hill, Nevada, U. S. Senator and Mine Owner
Jacob E. Ridgway, Philadelphia, Pa., Pres. Quaker City National Bank
Hon. R. F. Pettigrew, Sioux Falls, S. D., Ex-U. S. Senator
Stilson Hutchins, Washington, D. C., Publisher and Mine Owner
Hon. Chas. A. Towne, New York City, Ex-U. S. Senator, President C. A. Towne and Co.
Joseph M. Gazzam, Philadelphia, Pa., Vice-President Quaker City National Bank
Hon. Willard Teller, Denver, Colorado, Attorney-at-Law
Hon. Silas B. Dutcher, Brooklyn, N. Y., President of Hamilton Trust Co.
James R. McCortney, Washington, D. C., Iron Manufacturer
Hon. Ashley W. Cole, Brooklyn, N. Y., Chairman Board of State R. R. Commissioners
John I. Bishop, Civil Engineer and Director, Pittsburg Coal Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

JOHN P. JONES — R. F. PETTIGREW, Chairman — JACOB E. RIDGWAY

MANAGER OF MILL AND MINES:

EMERSON GEE, Picacho, California

All these men have been markedly successful, and the same ability that they have applied to their own business will be used to make this property a great success. Mr. Emerson Gee, the General Manager, was for many years the mining expert in the employ of Moffat and Smith, of Denver. This is sufficient recommendation for any one.

REGISTRARS OF STOCK:

Knickerbocker Trust Company, 66 Broadway, New York

THE RAILROAD

A narrow gauge railroad, five miles long, connecting the mill and mines has been built. The ore can be shipped from the mine to the mill for five cents a ton. The railroad is equipped with two locomotives and fifty side dump cars.

ADDITIONAL PROPERTY

Additional property of great value to the Company has been acquired and the stock which we now offer has been placed in the treasury for the *sole* and *exclusive* purpose of paying for this property without drawing upon the equipment capital.

UNCERTAINTIES ELIMINATED

Investors who buy California King stock now are absolutely sure that their money will not be spent in prospecting or experimenting. All of that has been done and all the uncertainties of that character that usually surround a mining proposition have been eliminated.

STOCK OFFERED

We offer a limited amount of the full paid, non-assessable stock of this Company in certificates of not less than 25 shares, at $3.00 per share. The capital of the Company is 1,000,000 shares, par value $5.00. Over $300,000 have been spent during the past year on the mill, railroad and in opening up the mine for active operation, and purchasers of stock now reap the benefit of this investment. We unhesitatingly recommend the stock to large and small investors alike. Dividends should be earned and paid in the Fall and the condition of the property justifies the belief that they should continue for many years. We believe the stock will, within two years' time, be hard to buy at $15.00 a share. It will be listed on the Boston Exchange.

TO SUM UP

THIS IS NOT A PROSPECT but a fully developed Gold Mine with a modern cyanide plant of 1000 tons daily capacity. No bonds or preferred stock stand between the stockholder and his share of the profits. No salaries are to be paid to the officers until the mine is on a dividend-paying basis. This is a large deposit of low-grade, free milling ore, the same as the Homestake. The mill will be turned over to the Company in complete working order early in July; the railroad is finished. There is enough ore in sight that can be mined from open cuts to run the mill for thirty years. Every statement herein presented is made with the full knowledge of the responsibility of the Directors and Officers of this Company to the public, and we do not desire any one to invest a penny in this enterprise who has the slightest doubt of the truthfulness of the statements herein made. We shall be pleased to send copy of the second illustrated stockholders' report and condensed prospectus to any one interested. Remit by check or draft to

WILLIAM A. MEARS & CO., Bankers and Brokers

FISCAL AGENTS. 25 Broad St., New York City, or Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

VOLUME 174 — PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 28, 1902 — NUMBER 52

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

THE COPPER KING

The Romance of a Trust

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Joint Author of Calumet "K"

CHAPTER I

I, ROGER DRAKE, will tell my story myself. I have been sitting at my club hearing the talk go round over a man not yet three hours dead; have heard people telling his story for him. They say he had no friend but the next hundred thousand he meant to make; that whether the means were crooked or straight made no difference to him; that he as often cheated those who thought he was a friend as those who knew him for an enemy; that he compelled his employees to lie and steal for him. Not even his good works, and as the world counts them they were many, escaped a sneer from those who knew the gossip about him. And I, who knew him slightly, cannot say or think they did him one injustice.

My life, like his, has been one long battle for commercial supremacy; like him, I have succeeded in getting it. Among other things I shall tell here of the steps which led to that success, and how, beginning at nothing, my fortune has grown so large that it is no longer mine, but a public affair—a public menace, some say.

And some time, before long perhaps, the same knot of men I sat among to-night will talk about me, and much as they did of him. They will say that I quarreled with my best friend and made war on him, and finally, after years, ruined him, and that is true, though not the whole truth. They may also say that I bought men's consciences, that I lied to men and cheated those who had put themselves in my hands, and those things, I thank God, are not true. But I will tell my own story.

It begins with the morning of my twentieth birthday when I left the train I had been riding in, at Jones' Siding, equipped with a store of inaccurate information and some half-baked ideas, which I called an education; and with a good suit of clothes, a few little decencies and luxuries in a hand-bag, six or eight dollars, and a determination to discover a gold mine. I knew that there was a new gold town not far away; that men were going out there from civilization, and that some few were already coming back rich. I had no experience with men or things, no knowledge, even theoretical, of mining—and I hadn't a friend in the world.

I walked up the platform, passed some men who had also got off the train and were busy with their baggage—I hadn't any—and came upon a fellow with a buckboard and a team of mules. I started to tell him where I wanted to go, but he interrupted me.

"Oh, I know about that," he said. "There's only one place where you can go."

I asked him how much he would charge to take me there, and he answered briskly—a little too briskly, if I hadn't been so green—that it would be five dollars. I figured that there was no help for it, so I paid him and climbed into the front seat. He asked me to hold the mules, and went away, to return presently with my fellow-passengers. They were all laughing. Two or three times, as we were on the way, I was aware that the driver turned and winked at them, and an explosion of laughter always followed. I knew, of course, that I was the object of it, and I suspected the reason.

The driver talked nearly all the while, and asked scores of questions of all of us. Between him and the others there seemed already established a kind of fellowship that made me the more lonely. They seemed to be gold-hunters like myself, but they had seen many lands and many kinds of men. They talked to the driver in a technical jargon that to my ears might as well have been Zulu. When the driver talked to me he seemed more to be drawing me out for the amusement of the others than for anything else, so I was as short with him as possible. The truth was, these men on the back seats had set me to thinking—for the first time in my life, I guess. Here were gold-hunters who had everything I lacked: strength, experience in the world, knowledge of their craft—I hadn't known before that it was a craft; and they had been on this quest many years, by their talk, yet it seemed they had not yet succeeded. When I reflected on what my chance of success was, compared with theirs, and what my prospect in life was if I failed, I came nearer to losing my nerve than I ever have since.

We reached the town at last, and before one of the first of the houses, which bore the modest sign, "Gentlemen's Boarding-House," our driver pulled up. "This is your place," he said to the others, and they clambered out. As we drove off they called "So-long" to the driver, and nodded, in a not unfriendly way, at me.

"I suppose you want to go to the hotel?" he asked.

"I don't want to go anywhere. I'd like to leave this bag where it won't be stolen, and then I'll shift for myself."

"Nobody'll steal your bag," he said in a tone I didn't understand. I know now how angry that remark must have made him. But a moment later he said: "You'll have to go somewhere. You can't get out of town till to-morrow morning."

"I don't mean to get out of town," said I. "I couldn't if I wanted to. I'm broke. Where's the cheapest place in town where I can get anything to eat?"

It seemed as though the words jerked themselves out of me. I had no intention of confiding in him. "Why," he said slowly, and I could feel him looking me over—"I guess Maggie sells about the cheapest grub you could eat. There's a Chinaman up the street who's cheaper, but I don't believe you could make that go down. Here's Maggie's place, right here."

So I climbed out. "So-long," he said, and I answered "So-long," and, though I had been hating him for the last two hours, I felt as though I had just taken leave of a friend.

I went into the shanty he had pointed out. There, amid dirt and noise and manners that to me were almost nauseating, I choked down a little food. I wasn't really hungry

A RED-HAIRED CHAP WITH NO LUNGS WHO'D COME OUT FOR HIS HEALTH

and might have saved myself the cost of the meal, but my education was only beginning.

As soon as might be I got out again into the clean air, and with my bag in my hand—it had been between my feet while I was eating—I walked along up the street.

When I got opposite the hotel—The Golden Palace Hotel and Pleasure Resort was the full name of it, painted in red on a blue signboard—my first acquaintance, the driver of the buckboard, stepped up and asked what my name was.

"Drake," said I. "What's yours?"

"Haines," he answered; "Bill Haines. Come in and have a drink."

I didn't much want to, and least of all with him, for he had brought my prospects to a rather more desperate pass than they would have been in anyway, but I thought it best to follow him. We took our drink standing at the bar, and then, after an inquiring glance at the barkeeper, he led me into a little room behind it and shut the door after me.

I should have been afraid if I hadn't felt that nothing that could happen would leave me any worse off than I was already. I suppose that walk up the street had finished off what little nerve I had left. I honestly thought he meant to rob me, but I didn't much care.

"Now," he began, "was that straight that you told me—that you're here after the dust, and that you're broke to begin with?"

I told him it was.

"How much money have you got?"

I took it out and threw it on the table, and he counted it. I think there was something less than three dollars. "Well," he said, "I think you're sort of a —— fool."

I was silent; I agreed with him.

Presently he began asking me questions, to find out, I suppose, just how helpless I was, but I could not even understand them, let alone answer, and at last he asked me, with some exasperation, what I meant to do.

I'd stiffened up a little by that time. "I'll take that money," said I, "and I'll buy whatever kind of grub I can get the most of with it, and I'll go up in the mountains then and hunt around till I find something. When I've gone through the grub, I'll eat leaves, and if I starve to death there's no harm done to anybody."

"That sounds more like business," he said. "Now sit down there and listen to me."

I think he must have talked to me for an hour about all sorts of matters, but mostly about the different ways of mining gold, and about the kinds of men I'd meet. He told me the kind to look out for and the kind to trust. He came nearer to giving away a complete education ready made than any man ever did before, unless it was Polonius, and when he came to the end he turned round and made me tell it all back to him. "Well," he said, "you seem to catch on quick enough when you get started."

Then he began naming over a list of the things I'd want, with the prices I'd have to pay for everything. "I don't know what that comes to altogether," he said; but I did and I told him. It wasn't so much, but it made the two dollars and the odd silver lying on the table look like a joke.

"Never mind that," he said. "And you need a gun."

I told him I had a revolver in the bag, and he took it out and looked it over gravely. It was silver-mounted, short-barreled—just such a gun as many a timorous man in the East sleeps with under his pillow.

"That'd look very pretty hanging up on the Christmas tree," he said without a trace of a smile, "but where you're going it'd get you into more trouble than it'd get you out of. Now then," he went on, "I want to say that I have made a mistake. I sized you up for a chap who'd come out to see what we was like, and I thought I might as well begin to show you." He threw some money on the table with mine. "That four dollars and a half belongs to you. The regular fare here is fifty cents."

That almost broke me up, and before I could find my voice he added some more to the little pile on the table.

"Hold on," said I; "I'll take four and a half, if you say it's mine, and—and thank you, but I won't take the other."

"I guess that's as good clean money as you'll find," he said. "Put it in your pocket. You know what things'll cost you now; don't pay any more than I told you. I guess your best chance of finding pay dirt is up Broken Arm way. I've heard so. Anyhow, Jim Taylor is driving that way to-morrow, and he'll give you a lift if you want it. Give me that toy gun of yours; I can use it. And take this one. There ain't a better this side of the Big Muddy."

He laid it on the table, too. It was a long, blue-barreled, single-action Colt, forty-four. I've got it yet. I didn't know how much that gift meant at the time, but I've found out since.

I was still in two minds about taking his money when I thought of the bag. I had already caught on to him well enough to know that he would resent an attempt to use him as a pawnbroker, so I told him I'd take his money, and repay him out of the first dust I found. Then I went on: "I'll leave this bag with you if you'll keep it for me, and if I don't come back pretty soon it's yours. There are some little things in it you may like."

So we shook hands on that, and I started out for my kit. I had everything ready before dark, ate a good supper at Maggie's, rolled up in my blanket behind her shanty and slept like a dog all night. Next morning I started out with Jim Taylor for Broken Arm Camp.

I could write a whole book of adventures about those next two years: how, by cooking for the camp at Broken Arm, I earned the money I owed Haines, and sent it back to him; how after I got to thinking I knew something I started off on my own hook to strike it rich; how I lived up in the mountains, and worked along the sides of the mountain streams, sometimes thinking I'd found the stuff, and then finding out that I hadn't; how in the winter I got used to seeing the "painters" or mountain lions cowering around my fire at night, and how I shot a rabid polecat once right in my tent; how I worked eighty dollars' worth of gold in one day out of a little bar in a creek-bed up on the far side of Red Leaf Mountain, and then worked that creek for six months afterward and never found an ounce, and how along in the fall a snowslide came down and buried me. When I came to I had my hand up to my nose, so I could breathe a very little and could just move the fingers of that hand, but I began pushing the snow away with that, and gradually got my arms free, and so dug myself out, and then with nothing but my gun and a half-dozen cartridges I walked a hundred miles to the nearest camp.

But those two years aren't really a part of this story, because when they were all over I came back to where I'd started from with just about as much money as I'd had then. The place had changed so that I should hardly have known it. There must have been ten thousand people there, though it was as rough as it had been when I first struck the place.

I was afraid I mightn't find Bill Haines, for the tenure of life is pretty uncertain in a place like that, but before I'd walked a hundred yards down the street I saw him, loafing just as he'd been before, out in front of the Golden Palace.

I walked straight up to him. "Do you know me?" I asked.

"No," said he. "What's your name?"

"Drake," said I.

"By the great horn spoon, so it is!" he said as he looked at me. "I thought you were dead, my boy." And with that he dealt me a blow on the back which two years before would have caved me in.

He took me down to his shanty, and there he looked me over again. "I guess my mind must be about worked out," he said. "I didn't know I could forget a face." It was no wonder he had forgotten mine, and I said so. Those two years had seamed it as twenty of ordinary living would not have done, and since the six months on Red Leaf Mountain my hair has had more white than black in it.

I'd never been in his diggings before, so I took a good look around, and what first caught my eye was the contents of my hand-bag. There were a pair of razors, a hair-brush with a silver back, a comb, and a silver-handled lathering brush. "You haven't been using them very hard," said I, for they looked exactly as they had two years before.

"What should I use them for?" he demanded. "But it's taken most of my time keeping them cleaned up. Sit down there and tell me all about it."

I went through the whole yarn. At the end of it I saw Bill reaching for his pocketbook. "No you don't," said I. "I'm taking care of myself." He always had money—not that stage-driving was lucrative, but he was the best poker player in the county—and he liked to spend it. "All right," said he; "but you needn't be so short about it."

"Bill," said I, for an idea had just come into my head, "how many barber shops are there in town?"

"I don't know. Ain't one enough for you?"

"Because," I went on, "if there's business enough to go round, I think I'll open up another."

"With that kit of tools?" he asked, brightening up.

"Yes," said I.

He took right hold of the scheme, and made such glowing prophecies that my own enthusiasm was almost swamped. I told him I'd never shaved anybody but myself in all my life, but Bill didn't seem to think that had anything to do with it.

"You're a good square fellow," he said, "and you can handle a gun, I guess"—that was important in Bill's eyes, if handling a razor wasn't—"and if you don't make a go of it I'll know the reason why."

So I hired a one-room store, and sawed off the back legs of a kitchen chair, and bought a mirror and some soap and towels. I painted a sign like this:

THE SILVER-BACK TONSORIAL RESORT

Plain Shave, . . .	15c.
Fancy " . . .	25c.
Hair Cut, ...	50c.

When I was all ready for business, with my kit laid out on a table right in the window, I had just ten cents left.

My first customer didn't keep me waiting long. He was a big black-haired fellow with a beard of about four days' standing, stiff as a stove-brush. He wanted a "fancy" shave, so I tucked a towel round his neck and began to lather him (if you took a plain shave you lathered yourself and washed your own face afterward). Then I took one of the razors, and began to whittle away at him. I didn't make much real progress, for the blade would skate along the top of his beard without getting more than a stray hair, and now and then making a small chip into his face. He stood it for a while, but at last he got out from under my hand and sat up.

"Look here," he said; "what do you think you're trying to do?"

"I'm trying to learn to shave," said I. "You're the first man I ever tried it on."

"Well," said he, as the situation dawned on him, "I guess Bill Haines is the skunk I want to see about this. He sent me round." He handed me a quarter, and began wiping the lather off his face. He said he thought he'd had his money's worth already, and he guessed he'd leave his beard on a little longer anyway.

He came back half an hour later, clean shaved and with a friend in tow—the barkeeper at the Golden Palace. "Here's the place," said my first customer, leading him in. "Here's where I just got the slickest, easiest shave I've had for three years. Sit down and let him fix you up."

The barkeeper looked at the part of his face that I'd been at work on a bit dubiously. "That ain't *his* work," said my new friend. "I got them cuts trying to shave myself."

So the barkeeper got into the chair, and I took a good hold of him, and by keeping at it got most of his whiskers off. But the tears ran right down his face when I shaved his upper lip. When it was all over he didn't know whether to be mad or not, but he decided at last that the drinks were on him, and he and the first man went out to look for a new victim.

They kept my shop full of people all day, for it was the best practical joke the town had had in six months, and by night I had learned how to shave and had about ten dollars in my pocket.

From that day I made money right along; soon moved into a bigger place, and had three chairs full most of the time. I was getting along faster than many of the fellows who were supposed to have struck it rich.

I had been a barber for about six months, I think, when I first saw George Stanley, the man who was to be my friend, and then my enemy. Bill Haines had already told me that there was a new fellow in town, a thin, red-haired chap with no lungs who'd come out for his health. I knew him from Bill's description, and when I saw him passing the shop I took a good look at him. His face was pale; he had a good, steady gray eye that could find yours and get away again—which is something that every eye can't do. The rest of his face wasn't very striking.

I saw him once or twice in the next day or two, then I heard that he'd gone out to work a cradle on Brown's claim, which was eight or ten miles out of town. It was about two weeks after that when the thing occurred that led to our being friends. He rode into town just before dark on Saturday afternoon to spend Sunday in town, and after supper he came down to my shop to get shaved. There was a show on at the Opera House that night, and almost all the town were there. I had let my two helpers go for the evening, so I was the only man in the shop when Stanley came in.

He asked me why I wasn't at the show, and I told him, and then while I lathered him up we talked about things in general. Just as I began to shave him a man stuck his head in the door and said that Jim Taylor had "broke loose" again, and advised me to put the light out and get to cover.

"What's all this about?" Stanley asked.

"It's Jim Taylor," said I. "He's got drunk again and is out trying to shoot the town. They wouldn't put up with that from everybody, but Jim's been here a long time and he's a very good sort when he isn't poisoned."

By that time we heard a lot of noise down the street; shouting and yelling and every other noise you can think of.

"Are you going to barricade?" Stanley asked.

"No," said I. "I keep open till midnight every Saturday night no matter what Jim Taylor takes it into his head to do. But," I went on, "I don't see any reason why you should stay here."

He settled back in the chair as cool as a man could be—a little cooler than a man could be, too, I guess, if it comes to that—and said: "Oh, well, I'm only half shaved; you'd better go ahead and finish me up."

It wasn't two minutes after this when Jim lurched into my door, fired one shot back into the street, and then put one into the middle of each of my looking-glasses. I hoped that he'd put the last two shots into the lamp, and then I could get him before he'd have time to load. But instead of doing that he covered me. I shaved right along and spoke to him without looking up.

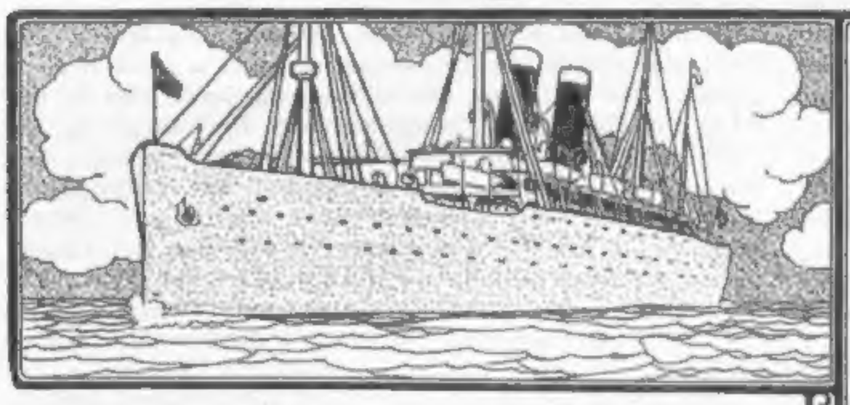
"That was a fool thing to do, Jim," I said. "How're you going to know now whether I get your whiskers off or not?"

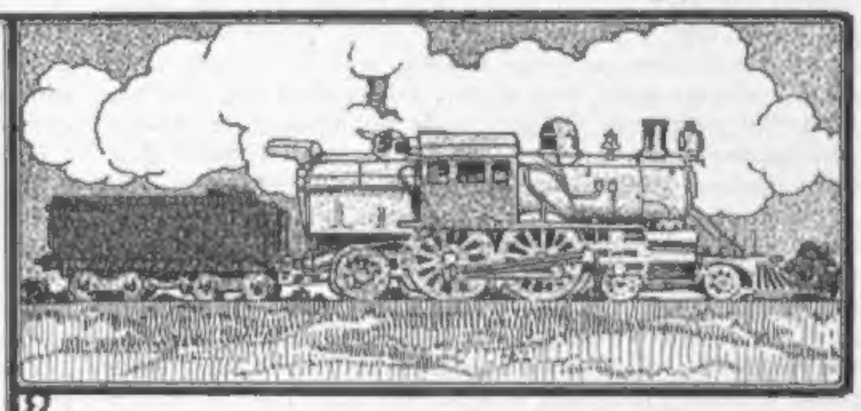
You can play that successfully on a drunken man nine times in ten. He's as easily diverted as a baby. And it worked with Jim, though not just as I'd meant it to do. "That's right," he said. "I'll get shaved. I'll fix that"—and he rolled out a string of epithets meant to designate Stanley—"so that he'll never need another shave, and then you trim me up. I won't wait for a——" and with another stream of abuse he dropped his gun dead on Stanley.

I flung up my hands, the razor in one of them; for I knew that any downward movement, toward a pocket or a drawer, would have brought that shot with it. But I flashed the lamplight from the razor into his eyes. "Jim Taylor," I said, "if you don't put up that gun your throat'll be cut in less'n ten seconds. You'll bleed like a pig to-night, Jim, all over my floor unless you put up that gun."

(Continued on Page 19)

The Right Hand of Pierpont Morgan





A Pen-Portrait of George W. Perkins

MR. GEORGE W. PERKINS

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

NOT fifteen years ago George W. Perkins—George Walbridge Perkins, to give him his full "entitles"—was buried in that vast mass of human beings who direct only their own individual mental and physical powers and are absorbed in the narrow search for food, clothing and shelter. To-day, still a young man, with his fortieth birthday but five months behind him, he is among the leaders of leaders, a distinguished member of that small and select class of men who inspire and direct the mental and physical energies of others in the elevation of the material, and, to a greater extent than is often admitted, the moral and mental standards of the whole human race; for the day has passed when any person worthy of consideration echoes Queen Elizabeth's ignorant sneer at the commercial and therefore civilized Dutch—"base mechanicals." We know now that the men of trade and commerce and finance are the real builders of freedom, science and art—and we watch them and study them accordingly.

A few years ago, each day at the end of his twelve or fourteen hours of toil—Mr. Perkins has never thus far taken advantage of an eight-hour law—he could see plainly all the results of all he had done. Now, when he has finished as much of his day's work as he has strength to do and is on his way home to play with his children, he looks back upon many hours close crowded with impulses given to other men, the men of minor detail—impulses that will influence the labor and the fortunes of thousands, of millions of his fellow-beings, for weeks, for months, for years. When he was a wage-earner, a clerk or cashier in an insurance office, he was in character no less admirable than he is to-day. No one should ever neglect the great truth underlying Doctor Channing's noble epigram—"Man is a greater name than president or king." But now he is vastly influential, both in action and in example. And his rise and its methods are worth looking at because they are founded in sound character—the character we love to call American—and because he has never for an instant in his rapid but always steady rise resorted to those unscrupulous audacities which make so many successful men conspicuous to discerning eyes chiefly for their shame and for their apparent—it is never real—shamelessness.

A Self-Made Man, of Course

Of course Mr. Perkins is a "self-made man." Who that has ever made a career was not? Sometimes riches and birth and influence help a man to arrive more quickly; again and far oftener they hinder him or prevent him from arriving. It is equally unnecessary to say that Mr. Perkins had industry and creative brain-power—the capacities for work and for leadership. Without those natural gifts no man can possibly rise from obscurity, or if born conspicuous, can possibly save himself from insignificance. Nor, further, is it wonderful or amazing that he has thus quickly risen from the ranks.

It was Lincoln—was it not?—who said "the republic is opportunity." He meant that democracy is opportunity. The democratic spirit, released by the progress of discovery and invention, has been and is crying out in a voice that shook and shakes the stoutest walls of privilege and caste: "My strength is only for him that can use me!" Our era, conscious of the mighty works that can be wrought, conscious that we are all under sentence of speedy death, eagerly seeks out the young man, the obscure man. It has need of all powers and all talents, especially of the talents for creating, organizing, directing. Where, a short time ago, men like George Perkins would have had to wait until middle life for recognition, to-day they have hardly time to finish the maturing process. Instead of its being true that "a good man doesn't have a chance any more," the reverse is true—inferior men have chances greatly beyond their powers, and immature men are often forced into important commands and discredited and ruined, so impatient is the pressure for men to do the world's enormous work.

The important, the vital part of George Perkins' career, from the standpoint of this article, is: How did he come to be fitted for his great responsibilities? How did he ripen thus quickly?

A skeleton outline of his career brings out the point—suggests what he is, how quickly he became it, and shadows the why and the wherefore:

1862—January 31, born.
1877—Fifteen years old. Office boy in a Chicago insurance office.
1879-87—Seventeen to twenty-five years old. Clerk, cashier, solicitor, etc., in the same office.
1887—Twenty-five years old. Inspector of insurance agencies for his company for the West.
1892—Thirty years old. Third Vice-President of the company.
1897—Thirty-five years old. Successful foreign diplomatic mission for the company.
1898—Thirty-six years old. Brilliant foreign services. Second Vice-President.
1899—Thirty-seven years old. Negotiates first foreign loan ever placed in America—the Russian loan.
1900—Thirty-eight years old. Principal negotiator of the British and German loans.
1901—Thirty-nine years old. Was offered and accepted full partnership with J. Pierpont Morgan.

As notable as the height of this rise is its steadiness and speedy-slowness. What more natural than that the hearty, healthy, pushing office boy of fifteen should be promoted to a clerkship, to one routine position after another? And when he had received his preparatory training, what more natural than that the developing youth, with keen eyes, resourceful brain and tireless energy, backed by a strong body, should be tried as inspector of the agencies of the twenty States included in the company's Western territory? When the company was reorganized, and all its capable men everywhere were needed for the work of rebuilding, would not Perkins, with his training and achievements, with the evidence of his ability before the eyes of his superiors in the superb condition of the agencies for which he was responsible, be called to New York for a trial in the higher councils of the company? And with his natural talents, with his sound character, with his matchless education as an approacher and a reader of men, would he not inevitably succeed?

One of the many delusions about "careers" is that they have "crucial periods." The fact is that, death and physical calamities excepted, there is no crucial period in a straightforward career, founded upon character and knowledge and judgment, and intent upon honest ends. But it is true that Perkins' transfer from the lower to the higher councils of his company was the period at which his capacity beyond the capacity of the ordinary successful man showed itself. That capacity had existed always. When he was only twenty-six—"a rosy-cheeked boy with an engaging smile and a pretty mustache and mouth"—his friend, Senator Beveridge, meeting him for the first time, said after an hour's talk with him: "That young man is going to be one of the financial powers of this country. He has the force and the ideas and the character." But if he had been the ordinary man of considerable capacity, his comfortable ensconcement in the Third Vice-Presidency would have been the summit or nearly the summit. New York, every centre of far-reaching human energy, has scores of successful men who, as soon as they attained security, ceased to develop and continued to live on the work they did before they were thirty or thirty-five.

But Perkins had come out of the West, teeming with ideas and energies, loving work for its own sake, as an end and not as a means to an end. He would have laughed at the man who talked of work as a curse. His brain was as eager, as hungry for food and exercise after its kind, as was his big, strong body for food and exercise after its kind. To him life meant incessant action. His notion of rest was not the idleness verging on imbecility that is the dream of a race of eye-servants. His notion of recreation was not something useless and harmful. His happiness consisted in being assiduously and usefully employed—when he was not sleeping like a wild animal, and even then—in building up his brain or his body, or both. So his elevation gave him wider and larger opportunities for enjoying himself, for cultivating the talents Nature had given him, for being of use to his time, his country and his race. And these are ideals of enjoyment that fit a boss carpenter or boss scavenger as worthily as a boss financier.

Why Mr. Morgan Needed Mr. Perkins

It was natural that he should be sent abroad to smooth out the foreign complications of his company, natural that he should succeed—Gladstone said of a crisis of peace and war between Great Britain and the United States, "Only common-sense is necessary"; and no more than that highest development of peaceful, enlightened, civilized judgment is necessary in dealing with any matter when, as is usually the case in human affairs, the interests of both parties are identical. And success in these affairs meant that he must attract the attention of Pierpont Morgan. No man in the world to-day more needs or craves men of brains and judgment to aid him, to advise him. And after these delicate foreign negotiations of Perkins', Morgan could not but see that there was the man who could be trusted to initiate without doing more blundering than business; who, while he himself was trying to get a brief respite from hard labor, could be left in charge without turning everything topsy-turvy, who could execute a vast scheme while he passed on to project another and vaster scheme.

Not surprise or accident or "luck" but the regular order of Nature accounts for George Perkins, at forty—the first man under Morgan in authority and responsibility in the world's most conspicuous financial house for reach, aggressiveness, grasp of the new order that has brought the earth and the inhabitants thereof within the limits of one community; the first man—chairman of the financial committee—of the biggest industrial corporation in the world, the Steel Trust; the first man—balancing director—in the biggest transportation corporation, the Northern Securities Company; the chairman of the financial committee of a great world-embracing life-insurance company; a most significant director in the biggest bank in the United States, the National City Bank; a dominant counselor in the affairs of more than a score of corporations which our fathers would have called colossal for lack of a bigger word, and of half a dozen public enterprises such as the Y. M. C. A. and the Palisades Park Commission. He reached this position, these positions, gradually, naturally, by adding one intelligent day's work each twenty-four hours to the sum of the preceding intelligent day's work for the 9125 days of twenty-five years.

He had brought with him from the West certain Western qualities which are worth noting:

First: He judged men on their own merits. Not for what they had, not for the titles they held and might or might not deserve, not for their "family" or "social position," but for what they themselves actually were. Big names did not abash him nor did obscurity rouse superciliousness in him. The curse of New York for the men bred in it is this lack of a true sense of proportion—and it is a curse which taints every older centre of population in the country and blights the whole of Europe.

Second: He was not concerned about his own dignity. An able, self-respecting man is always dignified, and others relieve him of the necessity of looking out for his dignity; they take care of it for him. Perkins was not afraid to be simple and natural and kindly and democratic—the same when he was dealing with a "purse potentate" or a European premier as when dealing with a country town agent. He no doubt has vanity, but it does not take the form that makes the Olympic gods roll upon their thrones with laughter whenever they look down and see a quaint little human animal strutting and pouterring and snubbing.

Third: He was frank. He had none of that petty passion for the mysterious, for nodding and winking and whispering, to impress the crowd. He didn't believe in hiding harmless things and in conducting honorable business as if it were a bunco game. He held that in honest business the benefit is an all-round benefit, and that, to carry one's point, it is only necessary to make the other man see that it is to his own interest to do what is asked.

These qualities give the distinction, the peculiar and most attractive color to George Perkins' career.

A few illustrations of these characteristics in action:

Frankness: The first foreign difficulty he examined into was that of the Swiss laws which prevented his company from operating in Switzerland. After he had talked the situation over with the head of the Swiss Insurance Bureau, he announced: "I have learned new lessons in the insurance business. The Swiss requirements are fair and reasonable, and in the interest of good life insurance." And he had his company modify its methods in many important particulars.

Diplomacy: He found the Prussian Government most hostile. Not only did he dissipate this hostility but also he brought it about that a board of experts, appointed by the Prussian Government, officially and publicly passed upon and heartily commended the condition of his company.

Shrewdness: A proposal to buy at par a part of a new issue of certain bonds was before the finance committee of his insurance company. Just as they were about to accept he induced them to postpone action for a few hours. He went to the brokers who were floating the bonds and offered them ninety-nine instead of par. "But that would wipe out our commission," said the brokers. "Yes," replied Perkins, "on the part of the issue you are trying to sell to us. But if we take these bonds, that fact will enable you easily to sell the rest of them because investors know how conservative we are." The brokers accepted his offer. In that one move, which took less than an hour, he made for his company more than three times his annual salary—and his salary was then $30,000 a year.

Publicity: To him is attributed the Steel Corporation's policy of public reports and public meetings. He is free and frank in his talks to the public through the newspapers. His theory is that the public has the right to know, and that, if it knows, suspicion is disarmed and insinuation rendered powerless.

Honesty: When the quarrel between the Great Northern and the Union Pacific interests precipitated a panic and threatened a financial cataclysm, he was able to convince the men on both sides—not by address nor by adroitness, but by his reputation for simple honesty and fairness, and by the honesty, fairness and sense of his proposals. And, although he nominally belonged to one faction, he was cheerfully selected by the opposing faction as the balancing representative.

Simplicity: He lives in an unpretentious house—a true "home"—at Riverdale, near Yonkers. He likes the country for himself and for his children. He rises at 6:30; is at his office by nine. He dresses with great neatness but no show, nor is there any show in his domestic establishment. He spends his evenings with his wife and children and goes to bed early.

He is just under six feet, powerful, especially through the chest, takes much outdoor exercise and eats a great deal at dinner. But he is not one of those madmen who in the middle of the day fill themselves with food which forbids their brains to act, and which their struggling brains prevent from digesting. He has brown hair, keen but kindly youthful eyes, a small mouth shaded by a small, almost "pretty" mustache, an eager profile, a reflective full face, well-shaped ears of moderate size that stand up and slightly out. He looks frank and honest and simple, generous and sympathetic, but decided and capable of sternness if there were necessity for it.

The color of his eyes is hazel—not green or steel blue or gray, or any of the other shades or colors supposed to be indicative of the character and talents which have carried him far and will carry him further. Is he rich? Probably. But certainly not so rich as he could be if he had the time to spend in mere money-hoarding. For he is one of the kind of men who are never spoken of or thought of, except incidentally, as rich men—they are so much more than merely rich; they have so much broader ambitions than those sordid, vulgar and vulgarizing passions which centre about business and once constituted the whole of it.

He likes to play with his children in the way at which the lawyer caught the judge—you may remember that the judge made him promise not to tell what that way was until he had children of his own, and then to tell only the fathers of children.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

The Story of a Trans-Atlantic Courtship

By Vance Thompson

THERE was a nasty sea on and the big liner snubbed her black nose through the jumping waves; aft the twin-screws churned up a phosphorous yeast that trailed astern like a blue ribbon.

A little moon was up in the air, watery and sad. It was a small moon, drifting through a black night.

The first officer, muffled to his eyes, was on the bridge. A few foolish passengers in greatcoats and sea-capes tramped the deck; it was the third night out, and they were still promenading their rebellious stomachs to and fro in a vain struggle against fate. Forward you could see the drift of the smoke, the lookout's light, the huddled black figures on the steerage-deck. The black lines of the funnels rocked overhead. Always the small moon hung in the sky like a toy balloon. Six bells rang and forward went a cry of "All's well." That was all—only the night and the darkness and the little moon far aloft, the racing seas and the red eyes of the forward lights, the blue trail astern and the petulant gusts of a cold wind.

Macferedith came out of the smoking-room. He was a big Scot, bundled in tweeds, and the wind made a plaything of him. He skated across the sloping deck and brought up against the rail. As he steadied himself Miss Mendering said, "You didn't hurt yourself?" Macferedith recognized her voice, or rather her inflection, at once, for she spoke after the fashion of the people of the Middle West, who raise their voices in the wrong places and drop them when they shouldn't. One doesn't speak that way in Scotland, and Macferedith, who was a faithful Scot, did not like it. Ever since he had been introduced to her on the wharf in New York those queer little inflections had irritated him. He distinctly wished she would speak his own dialect, which was no better, perhaps, but was different. He was rather slow and conservative, this Scot, and six months in the United States had created in him only a sense of bewilderment. Especially the women; he had announced in the smoking-room that the American woman was too complicated; he was glad he was going home.

"You didn't hurt yourself?" Miss Mendering said.

"No, no; I thank you very much," he said when he had got his breath. "I slipped a bit, it was so dark on deck here—after the light of the smoking-room."

"I am so glad," she replied in a voice so sweet that Macferedith rather reproached himself, wondering whether he had not said a little more than he meant to say in the hours they had walked the deck. He was a very conscientious man, Andrew Macferedith, of Stirling.

He could not see her face as she leaned over the rail, there, but it seemed to him that there was drooping unhappiness in her attitude. He remembered that he had left her alone all evening. With a good man's self-reproach he drew close to her.

"Have you been walking?" he asked; "or reading, or——"

"I've been standing here for hours," she said drearily.

"I wish I had known! I was in the smoking-room; was talking with your father. A most interesting man!"

"Were you playing poker? No? Oh, then I know. You were talking Aryan mythology—about how the old woman in the shoe was really the sun-god, and Max Müller and all that. All papa can do is to play poker and talk about myths. It is very hard on me."

Miss Mendering sighed.

"I'm sure I enjoyed it very much," the Scot replied, but he felt very sorry for her, and very sympathetic; it was indeed hard that a girl should have a father who played poker and discussed sun-myths. And she was such an attractive girl, too: tall and slim, with wonderful gray eyes and a mass of curious ashen-brown hair—really extraordinary hair. She was the sort of girl who can lie back in a chair and look so fatal that one really can't find anything at all to say to her. Furtively Macferedith fumbled the folds of the big fawn-colored coat that wrapped her in. He tried to say something that would not be overdrawn, for he was not quite sure of himself. What he said was: "I wish I had been with you these last two hours."

"Don't say those things—not to-night," she answered wearily. "I'm too unhappy to play games."

"Tell me about it; it will help you," he said; even in the burliest Scot the nerves of sympathy lie near the epidermis.

"I am in love," the girl said, staring gloomily into the sea, "and papa brought me abroad because he thought it might help me, but nothing can ever help me now. I love him so. And now he has left me for her. I am glad of it, for she is far more beautiful than I am. I know he will be happy—and I hope she will be happy."

The Scot gasped for breath; the complications of the American girl were coming upon him in full force.

"Eleanor," he whispered as tenderly as he could under the circumstances.

"My name is not Eleanor," she said in the same hopeless voice; "the handkerchief you stole was one of my sister's. If you had looked on the passenger list you would have seen that my name is Lydia. Don't talk to me now, please. I want to talk of him. He is so noble and beautiful. We saw each other every day for nearly five months, but—of course, when he met her, it was all over."

"The beastly little cad," Macferedith growled, and he felt a primitive impulse that made him clench his fists.

"No, no," said the sad girl quietly, "you do not know what a lovely girl she is and how happy she will make him. Oh, he deserves her!"

Her arms were along the rail and she hid her face in them. As the silence grew the man felt a sort of anger rising in him. Finally he said:

"I don't know why you tell *me* that!"

Lydia lifted her head and looked at him sadly.

"I thought you were my friend," she answered slowly, and turned away.

"Don't go; I'm a fool," said the man. He seized her hand, detaining her.

"No," she said, "I was mistaken. I was mistaken again," she added with a little catch in her voice.

Macferedith felt as though his brain were whirling on a pivot; he could feel his heart knocking about his huge breast; without a word he helped her to the saloon entrance. As she descended the broad stairs leading to the cabins she turned for a second and smiled at him.

And that night Macferedith tramped the deck until the gray dawn came up out of the sea. To and fro, to and fro, stolid and relentless, his big boots ringing on the deck, he marched, trying to get himself in hand. He did not want to love that girl. She was not at all the kind of a girl he wanted to love. "Lord, she is almost an idiot!" he groaned.

But even the man who does not love a girl does not like her to go about the world breaking her heart for another man, who is probably a puppy.

When the sailors thronged up to swab the decks Macferedith went down to his cabin. He was exasperated, sick at heart, disgusted; but in spite of his contempt for American girls, and one American girl in particular, he fell asleep fumbling with his lips a little scented handkerchief which had belonged to somebody's sister.

The fourth day out the weather cleared. The sea was level as a road. The sun loomed glorious out of a blue sky. But Macferedith clung like a limpet to his chair in the smoking-room. He had his luncheon brought up there, for his seat at the table was opposite that of Miss Mendering, and he didn't want to see her. He played poker all afternoon with Mr. Mendering, who knew poker as well as he did Aryan mythology, and with Mr. Levy, of New York, and Mr. Cohen, of Paris. He lost money and smoked too much tobacco. Altogether it was a miserable day. When the first dinner-bell rang he went below to dress. He saw Miss Mendering in the writing-room. She was sitting at one of the desks, staring in apparent abstraction at a half-written letter. He stopped to watch her. Then in spite of himself he went up to her. She looked at him brightly, but Macferedith was in no mood for smiles.

"Are you better to-day," he asked, "or are you still thinking of that puppy?"

Lydia's face flushed for a second and she looked at him angrily; then, with a heart-broken sigh, she let her head sink on the desk, and Macferedith had a wretched suspicion that she was kissing the unfinished letter. He turned abruptly and went back to the smoking-room and bade the steward get him some dinner there—it didn't matter what—but to look sharp about it—and (much to the steward's amazement) he added: "Lord, but I do hate a fool!" When he had eaten some cold fish and lukewarm beef he went on deck and listened to the atrocious band which was worrying the diners, and to the clink of dishes and the ripples of

laughter that streamed up the companionway. At that moment the fool he hated worst on earth was one Andrew Macferedith, gentleman, of Stirling; said fool being thirty-three years of age, standing five feet ten in his plaid stockings, and riding at thirteen-stone-six. As he and the fool stood there spying the companionway, they talked to each other.

It was after eight before Lydia had eaten all the ice cream she wanted. Then she came up. After dismissing her father to his poker or solar myths she posed for a moment in the doorway. As she swayed there, tall and sinuous, against the background of electric light from the companionway, she looked so uncannily handsome that Macferedith felt the Scot rise in him. He took her by the arm and said: "Don't stand there like that—it is too conspicuous—come away." She drew back in astonishment that may have been real.

"Come," he persisted; "I won't have it, you know—please don't."

"Isn't it proper?"

"No," he said firmly; "we will go and sit in the deck-chairs for a little while. Will you?"

Lydia laughed and took his arm.

"You are very well dressed to-night," he said; "that blue thing and all."

She laughed again; this time there was approval in her laughter. She was well dressed, too; the blue coat and the blue cap were of the same tone, and the furry animal—all tails and teeth and toes—around her neck was a bluish thing, perhaps a Russian fox. Her chin, which was rather determined, she half hid in the fur, and that made her look ever so much more like the woman a Scot should love; then, too, the moonlight helped, softening her young, healthy, girlish beauty into a beauty that was vague and ideal. When he had tucked her into her rugs and was sitting beside her Macferedith said: "Promise me not to talk any more about that awful little cad! It is awfully silly of you, and—and—oh, the stupid thing kept me awake all last night. I don't like to think of you as being quite so silly—and ——"

Lydia turned her face away—he wondered whether she were crying; he whispered an apology, but she covered her face and would not look at him. Then quite unexpectedly a light flashed up in his mind; it was as though a match had been struck in a dark room. Perhaps it was atavism; some of his Highland ancestors may have had this kind of intelligence. He leaned forward in his chair and abruptly, in a voice all rough with burring "r's" and choked with emotion, he said: "Little woman, little woman, I can stand it no longer! I've no right to be sitting by you here—no right to talk to you—I am ——"

He stood up and smote his big hands together with the air of one waiting for the handcuffs. Lydia looked up at him wonderingly.

"You're not seasick?" she asked.

Macferedith threw himself into the steamer-chair, which groaned under his thirteen-stone-six.

"Listen," he said doggedly; "you have talked frankly to me; let me speak to you as a friend. I need sympathy, though I do not deserve it. I have no right to speak to good women; I——"

He paused brokenly, and Miss Mendering shifted slightly in her chair; it was the vague movement of the baby that begins to take notice. Macferedith tugged grimly at his red mustaches.

"I don't speak of my first wife," he said at last; "that was not my fault."

"Not your fault?"

"No, you may read the evidence; and then even her folks said it was not my fault. But my second wife! When I think of Christina—and the children——"

Miss Mendering sat up. With that curious Middle-West accent that went over Macferedith's nerves like a file, she said: "I hope they're well."

"Little Graeme and Rabbie and Tini—poor little things," he said half to himself; "poor little bairns!"

"I don't quite understand," said Miss Mendering; "what's the matter with them? And if you love them so much why don't you go home to them, instead——"

"The 'instead' is stronger than I am," said Macferedith.

"Where is your wife?" Miss Mendering asked with appalling directness.

The question seemed to hurt the man; he got to his feet slowly and looked down at her in a dazed way.

"I thought I could confide in you," he said feebly, "but I was wrong. I can't tell you of this. Forgive me——"

He left her abruptly, and Miss Mendering pulled the furry animal closer around her throat and stared out at the moonlit sea. And that night, until the lights went out in the smoking-room, Mr. Macferedith played poker, smiling and happy, and, with a beginner's luck at bluffing, won $27 from Mr. Mendering, of the Middle-West, Mr. Cohen, of Paris, and Mr. Levy, of New York.

For two days Miss Mendering surrounded herself with a barrier of young college lads, over for a first trip to Europe, with American girls and a stray German Prince or two. She asked them conundrums and amused them. It was quite in vain that Macferedith tried to break through this barrier of "hypnotized imbeciles," as he called them. At table Miss Mendering showed an unexpected and unusual devotion to her father and hardly gave Macferedith a greeting. But the last night out, when every one was looking for the Scilly lights, he caught her swinging again in the doorway. She wore a buff-colored ulster this time, which went very well with her curious hair; the lines of it, too, suited her.

"Oh, it's you!" she said negligently, as he approached; "do you want out?"

Macferedith admitted that he had cherished a hope of getting through that doorway, but that now he didn't care whether he did or not. She sighed a meaningless "Oh, dear!"

"Walk and talk with me for ten minutes," he said timidly; "it is not much to ask."

She took his arm and they fell into step; they made a turn of the deck in silence.

"You've forgiven me?" he asked at last.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered indolently; "being on shipboard seems to make everybody lunatic."

"It's the clouds and the moon and the waves," he said. "Those waves chatter nonsense like magpies."

She stopped at the rail to look down into the sea.

"Not here," he said quickly; "this is where we stood the night you told me—I mean the night you went mad. Come over to the weather side."

On the weather side there was no one; only a long stretch of darkening deck over which the few electric lights glimmered faintly. Where they paused amidships, there where the dumps are braced, a lean little stream of red-hot ashes was pouring out into the sea. They watched it for a long time. The red ashes, hissing down into the creamy, phosphorescent sea, spun weird fabrics of light—gossamer garments for the ghosts of girls who died too soon—shrouds for the naked ghosts that cannot get out of the sea.

"I have never seen anything like that," she said softly. "I did not know how beautiful the sea is—and the night! Tell me the names of those stars."

Her eyes were fixed on the Great Bear, wheeling up the sky, and as she stood thus, with uplifted face, she was more beautiful than women ever are, for she was transfigured by the starlight and the sealight and the flicker of the electric globes.

Macferedith dared not touch her. He touched only a fold of her coat—lightly as a butterfly's wing might have brushed it—and watched her wonderful face. After a little while she looked at him dreamily.

"It is beautiful," she said, and it seemed as though she were answering something he had said.

"It is so beautiful that nothing else matters," she went on softly, "because just to have seen these is enough—the light and the sea and everything that is so far off—nothing else matters."

He could not find his voice for a moment, and when it did come to his lips it was husky and uncertain.

"It's beautiful, little friend——"

He called her "little friend," this regal girl, who was nearly as tall as he!

"It's beautiful, but all false. It isn't life, dear; it is the eternal lie. It is the great falsehood—the sea. If men drink of it they go mad. And we who look at it go mad, too, in our way. We forget the sane things of life—the streets and the fields and the duties, and all we know and love."

"Graeme and Rabbie and Tini," said the girl thoughtfully.

"What!" the man said, staring at her.

"And Christina—not to mention your first wife—who was not your fault. Oh—you disgust me!"

"Don't go," Macferedith said, and he took her hand firmly in his two big paws. "I had forgotten for a moment. Let us still be friends. I have never referred to what you told me about that—that——"

"Don't say anything against him! I won't stand it. I love him. Oh, the darling! the darling!"

Macferedith growled under his mustache and tossed away her hand.

"You're an evil little woman," he said between his teeth, "and you've hurt a good man who would have cut the hand off his right arm for you. There never was any Christina. There never was any wife, first or second. There never were any Rabbies or Jeans or whatever the little beasts' names were. You know it, too, girl! You'd hurt me so that I wanted to hurt you a bit, and that seemed to come to me like a flash—perhaps it was because I'd been six months in America—and I told it. But you knew it was a lie."

As every strong man does in a mental crisis, Macferedith felt for his pipe; when he had dragged it out of his ulster-pocket he hesitated a moment, then he let it drop into the sea.

"You knew?" he asked feebly.

Lydia was still staring into the sea. She did not turn her head toward him.

"Of course I knew," she said quietly. "Why, before papa's friend introduced us there on the wharf he had told us all about you. I thought it was awful of you to lie that way! Awful!"

Again something lightened in the Scotch brain—an atavistic impulse from some unbreeched Highlander who had stolen a wife across the Border; he swept one arm around her—pulled her to him, held up her face and demanded: "Then why did you lie to me about that beastly cad?"

"I didn't lie," she said, "and he isn't a cad—he's a poodle, and I love him!"

Now, although Macferedith was not overquick of wit, he realized at that moment that lips were made not only to talk with——

And in spite of "Don't dears," he did.

It was a few minutes before "Lights out" that night when Andrew Macferedith entered the smoking-room.

"We are just going to have a final jack-pot," said Mr. Mendering; "will you come in?"

"Do," said Mr. Levy, of New York.

"One franc limit," said Mr. Cohen, of Paris.

"No," said Macferedith, who had a bit of Scotch thrift; "I'd lose to-night—one can't have two kinds of luck."

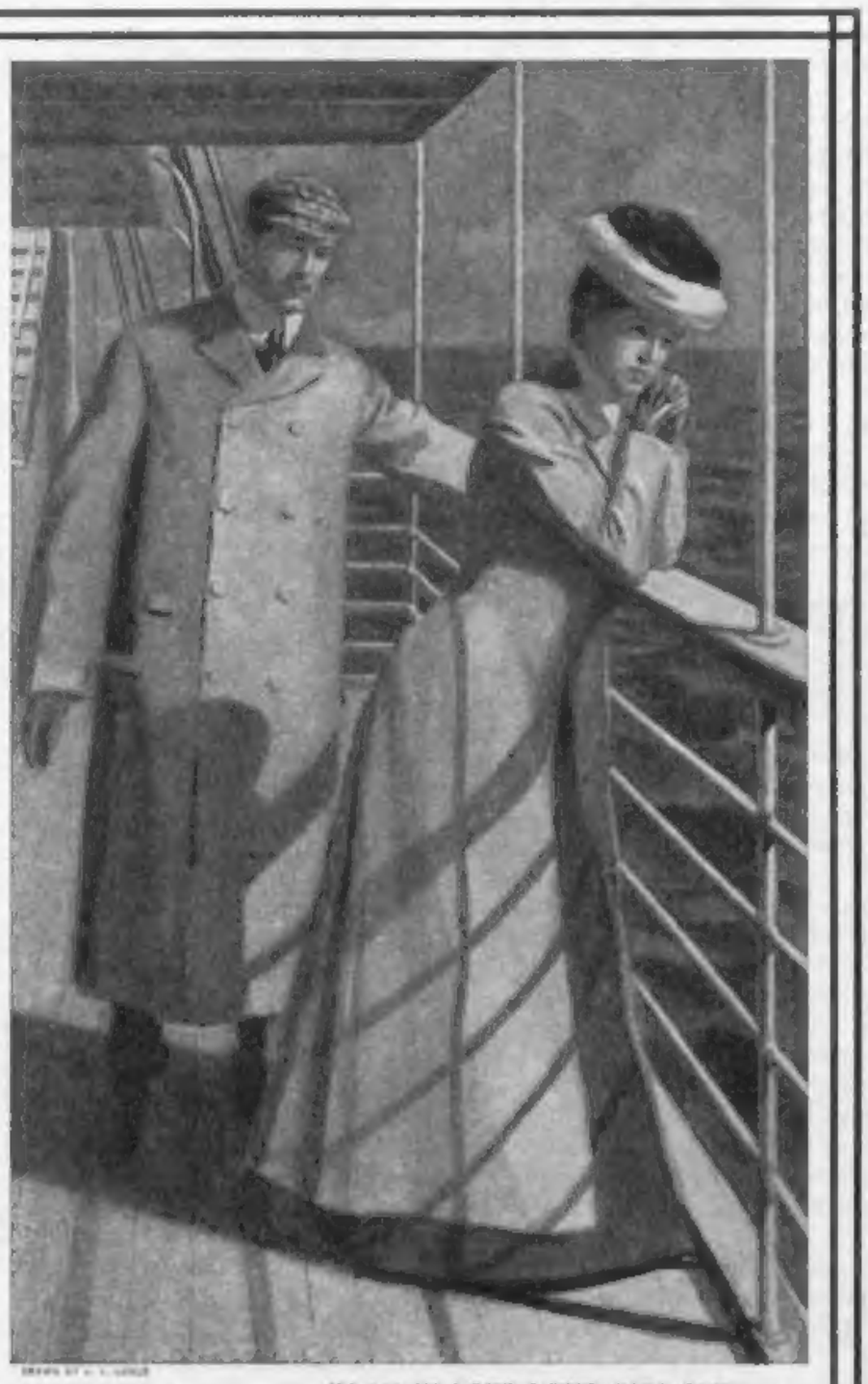
The gentlemen from New York and Paris were studying their hands, but Mr. Mendering looked up sharply; his quizzical gray eyes were curiously like a pair of gray eyes that Macferedith was beginning to know very well.

"Good luck, eh? You've heard from the children, Rabbie and the others, eh?" he added as he opened the jack-pot for the limit.

Macferedith blushed through the tan of his cheeks, but with forthright (and forthrighteous) Scotch indignation he replied:

"Now, don't be an ass, Mr. Mendering. I have something very important to say to you. We shall wait for you on deck."

Hearing that compromising word "we," Mr. Mendering smiled, and when Mr. Levy called, he said in his quiet, Middle-West way: "I'm afraid the money's mine, gentlemen—all of a kind—hearts!"



"I AM IN LOVE," THE GIRL SAID, STARING GLOOMILY INTO THE SEA

The Unknown Captains of Industry

Who They Are: What They Have Done: How They Did It

By PAUL LATZKE

IN THE Hungarian village of Idvor, on the Austrian border, the warlike instincts of the old Magyars are as strongly preserved to-day as in the Middle Ages. Practically, the entire male population is made up of soldiers—officers and men. They are born into the world to fight, and it is the hope and ambition of the fathers and mothers of boys that they may go out of the world fighting.

Here there was born on the fourth of October, 1858, Michael Idvorsky Pupin, son and grandson of soldiers and the descendant of soldiers for many generations back. He grew up a deep-eyed, black-haired, sturdy lad.

"Michael," said the father, "will make a fine soldier." And the mother, eying him proudly, echoed the sentiment. But Michael thought otherwise. This, however, he kept to himself. He had little of the effervescent, bubbling temperament of the Magyars, though he was full-blooded. He had none of the national disposition to talk. Instead, he listened. He was quiet, conservative, self-centred and loved books, a fact that was not altogether pleasing to his militant parents. Michael was sent to the village school and afterward to a military school in the neighborhood.

"Soon," said his father one day, "you will be ready to go into the army."

A few weeks later there was clamor in Idvor. Michael Pupin was missing. A brief note to his parents told that he had run away; that he was even then on his way to the new land, America.

"I don't want to be a soldier," the boy wrote. "I want to study. As I cannot study here, I am going elsewhere."

The Scientist Who Would Not Fight

It was a year later. A gaunt, hungry-looking boy was trudging wearily about the streets of Brooklyn. For many months he had fought the fight for subsistence. Landing in America, the place of gold and promise, he had found none of the welcome his ardent nature had led him to expect. An odd job here and there had served to keep life in his body, but progress or promise there was none. Tiring at last of seeking fortune in New York City he had made his way across the East River. But apparently it was as hard to make a living on one side of the river as the other, and on this particular day he had almost concluded to give up the struggle, when he came upon a doorway in which there stood a benevolent-looking man. Above the door was a sign, "Turkish Baths." The baths are still there, and the townsfolk thereabouts point them out proudly as the starting-place of "Professor Michael Pupin, the distinguished inventor and eminent scientist."

Michael told the benevolent man his plight. He was hungry, tired and footsore, and had to have a job. He spoke English with some difficulty, but with absolute purity. The benevolent man, who was the manager, was impressed.

"What can you do?" he asked the boy.

"Anything that you set me at," was the answer.

A half-hour later the young Magyar was installed as a rubber and shampooer in the baths. It was not congenial work, but it was work. It provided lodging and food and money for books. For three years he kept at it. During this time he built up many friendships with his patrons, who came to be much interested in the bright, intelligent, unusual personality of this young bath attendant. Among others who visited the place regularly was the Rev. Dr. Homer, rector of a fashionable Episcopalian Church on Columbia Heights.

To the Doctor, Michael confided his ambition. He would be a student and scientist. The clergyman watched him narrowly for months, and then, carried away by the lad's earnestness, secured for him a scholarship at Adelphi Academy. How Pupin devoured his books is still told with deep pride by the professors at Adelphi. To pay for his board and lodging he continued to work at the baths on Saturdays and Sundays. At the end of two years he graduated with honors and won a scholarship at Columbia University. There he kept up his record and captured almost every prize in sight for scholarship, and several prizes offered for physical prowess, for he always made it a point to develop to the full his magnificent physique. He lived clean and close and hoarded the prize money that came to him until he had several hundred dollars saved up when he graduated in 1883.

He was awarded a post-graduate fellowship at Cambridge, England, and at the University of Berlin, Germany. He returned to New York in 1889 with high honors and became instructor in mathematical physics in the department of electrical engineering at Columbia. He invented a system of relay coils which made ocean telephony possible. For this the Bell Telephone Company paid him half a million dollars. More recently he won another great fortune by inventing a wireless telegraph instrument which the Marconi Company bought, paying, it is said, about two hundred thousand dollars.

When, last February, the One Hundred Captains of American Industry assembled to honor Prince Henry of Prussia, the man who a few years before had been working in a Turkish bath was one of the company.

A Better Bridge-Builder than Kipling

Another Captain at the luncheon to Prince Henry who had one career mapped out for him by his parents and chose another for himself was George S. Morison. To the public in general Mr. Morison is an unknown character. To the industrial world, and particularly to the railroad world, he stands as one of the greatest men in the field, an engineer who is said to have built more important bridge structures than any other man.

As monuments to his energy and ability there are about two dozen great bridges, including the ones across the Missouri at Plattsmouth, Bismarck, Blair Crossing, Omaha, Rulo, Nebraska City, Sioux City and Bellefontaine Bluffs; across the Mississippi at Winona, Burlington, Alton and Memphis; across the Ohio River at Cairo; across the Willamette River at Portland; across the Snake River in Washington, and the St. John's River in Florida. In addition he built the celebrated Portage Viaduct on the Erie Road, and served as chief and assistant chief of construction in a great many other railroad enterprises.

Had the counsel of his people prevailed Mr. Morison would to-day have been practicing law. He was carefully fitted for this profession, and it was not until he was twenty-five years old that he went into engineering. His father was a minister at Milton, Massachusetts. For a time it was expected that George would follow this calling, but then it was decided to make a lawyer of him. He was sent through Harvard, and after his graduation there an opening was made for him in a New York law office. Here he studied for three years and was admitted to the bar in 1866. With his diploma in his pocket he returned home and stated the case to his people.

"I have," he said, "no taste for law. It doesn't appeal to me. I have a decided liking for engineering work and I am going to be an engineer."

It was pointed out to him almost tearfully that it would be criminal to waste the advantages he had acquired at the cost of so much time and money; that it would be folly at his age to plunge into a new pursuit, in which he must start at the bottom and slowly work his way up. The young man declined to see it that way. It was his life that was being disposed of and he meant to have a hand in it. So he resisted all arguments and pleadings and stuck to it that he would be an engineer. His family and friends finally accepted the inevitable, and the next question was how to launch him in his new career. Business and industry were prostrate throughout the country. The war just ended had destroyed all enterprise, and very little serious work was under way. About the most important engineering undertaking in the field was the building of a bridge across the Missouri at Kansas City.

"I made up my mind," Mr. Morison said to me, in telling of his start, "that I would go out there. From friends I got letters addressed to the chief engineer in charge of the work, Octave Chanute."

In those days such trained engineers as there were generally came from foreign countries. Under the circumstances, therefore, it did not militate against Mr. Morison's chances for employment that he had no experience to offer when he presented himself to Mr. Chanute. He had made a specialty of mathematics and this stood him in good stead. On the strength of his letters he was given a job at measuring stone as it was delivered on the work.

It wasn't long before he was doing more important things. When the bridge was finished he had made such good use of his opportunities and had shown himself so capable of meeting and mastering difficulties that he held the position of first assistant to the chief engineer. His reputation was made and plenty of opportunities for employment were offered. He remained in Kansas City for four years, engaged in railroad construction work, and then went to Detroit, to accept the position of Chief Engineer of the Detroit, Eel River and Illinois Railroad. From that time he advanced steadily, and in 1880 he opened offices on his own account as consulting and constructing engineer. Though sixty years old he is still as active as ever, and maintains a large suite of offices in New York City.

The Man Who Moved an Army

Mr. Morison was the most important figure on the construction side of railroad work at the luncheon to the Hundred Captains, but the operating end of this great division of industry was represented by three men who, though little known to the public, rank as giants in their field. These men were Marvin Hughitt, President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway; Charles Sanger Mellen, President of the Northern Pacific Railway; and Samuel Spencer, President of the Southern Railway.

The incident that started Marvin Hughitt on the way to a railroad presidency is the sort that playwrights create for their heroes. It was during the Civil War. A large body of troops were to be rushed from St. Louis to Cairo. President Lincoln made a requisition on the Illinois Central to furnish transportation. Mr. Hughitt had only a few months before been installed as train-master on one of the divisions with headquarters at Centralia. To him the task of putting the troops over the road was intrusted.

MR. HUGHITT

"It is necessary," came the instructions from the General Superintendent, "to effect the movement with the utmost rapidity, without, however, disturbing regular traffic."

Mr. Hughitt had begun his railroad service some years before as a telegrapher. He had won rapid promotion because of his expertness as an operator, and in this emergency he fell back on his experience. He relieved the regular train dispatcher, sent the operators away and sat down at the key himself. For thirty-six hours he stuck to his post without resting, and then the work was done and well done. Not a train on the road had been interfered with in its regular run.

"Excellent," came the word from headquarters, and with a sigh of relief the young man dragged himself to bed. He had just settled down to rest when a violent knocking came at his door. It was a messenger from the office. Hughitt was wanted at once. Somehow he tumbled into his clothes and rushed over to the station. The General Superintendent was clamoring for him over the wire.

"We've another order from the War Department. The troops we've handled are to be moved again, this time from Cairo to Virginia. Time is everything. Will have to rely on you for the work."

Though he was nearly dead for want of sleep, Hughitt sat down, closed his fingers over the telegraph key, and started the machinery. Trains were side-tracked, pushed forward, held at switches, rushed ahead on provisional schedules, and the young railroad man held control steadily, like the general that he was. His head swam at times, but he shook himself together, and forced his mind to the task. A day and a half that seemed like a century, and the task was done.

A few days later he received an order from the general offices at Chicago to report there at once. He was made Division Superintendent and two years later General Superintendent. Besides being the chief executive of the Chicago and Northwestern, he is now President of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railroad, and President of the Freemont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley.

Editor's Note—The first of these articles appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of May 10. Another will appear in an early number.

Studying Law Outside a Law School

By HENRY M. DOWLING

The Law is confined to no one school. It can be learned at home if only the young man has the time to get at it and the strength to keep at it.

EVERY year hundreds of young men, after pursuing a partial or complete course at the law schools of the country, leave these institutions to serve as law clerks or to commence practice for themselves. He who can avail himself of the opportunities afforded by a professional school undoubtedly enjoys a substantial advantage upon engaging in work at the bar or in the office; but it probably remains true to-day that the majority of lawyers have not received this special legal training.

The purpose of the present article is not to disparage professional schools. Every thinking man must realize the benefit resulting when the young aspirant is thrown into contact and competition with the keenest and brightest minds. The student feels a certain freedom and a desire for debate, when among his contemporaries, which are often lacking when he comes into the presence of older, and, as he thinks, wiser and more experienced, men. He gains readiness in speaking and thinking while on his feet; he acquires studious habits and a logical turn of mind; he is able to observe the methods of legal reasoning pursued by professors and undergraduates, and he bears away with him the memory of examples of high professional attainments seen among faculty and students, who stir his ambition by exciting his admiration.

But notwithstanding these manifold advantages of regular study in a technical school, no young man of average intelligence need imagine that he can profitably study law only at some great university. The law is everywhere essentially the same. There is no such thing as "Harvard law" or "Columbia law," and the methods adopted at the famous law schools are, to a considerable degree, available in the solitude of a garret or the almost equal solitude of a young practitioner's office. It will be our object to suggest how approved modes of study can be applied by the individual student outside of a law school.

Before beginning his professional discipline, let the young man apprehend and comprehend, with the firmest grasp of which his mind is capable, the real purpose of legal study. Let him know that the object is fourfold:

First. To enable him to find the law, concealed as it is amid multitudes of cases, textbooks and statutes. Without a ready facility of reference, he will be forever handicapped; and even if he know the headings and names of the main branches, such knowledge will be of slight avail unless, when he has found a case ranging itself under that head, he can refine the pure gold of the decision from the dross of extraneous remarks, the *obiter dicta* let fall by the Court, which are merely the unauthoritative utterances of legal experts. He should constantly study to attain this end.

Second. Let him realize that his legal investigation is to enable him to *know the law;* not what text writers say is the law, but what actually is the rule, and to store it safely in his memory for future use.

Third. He is to study in order to detect error; the error of his adversary who misinterprets a textbook or a reported decision, as well as the error of courts in deciding against precedent and sound reason.

Fourth. His studies are intended to develop a "legal mind," to cultivate in him a habit of regarding facts, not from the standpoint of pure ethics or of some preconceived theory of his own, but from the legal vantage-ground; to see the element of justice or injustice, expediency or inexpediency, lurking in a given statement of facts; to enable him to see clearly, to grasp firmly, to judge soundly, the case presented to his view.

The Methods that Make a "Lawyer in Haste"

He must consider the dangers which will beset his path, among them the grossly false and misleading idea that the study of law is easy, and that all a young man needs in order to be a lawyer are a ready tongue and a vehement delivery. Unless he quickly rids himself of this notion, our student will become what Sir Edward Coke contemptuously terms a "lawyer in haste." He will next consider the danger, often fatal to beginners, of becoming hopelessly confused and discouraged amid the many decided cases and the endless exceptions to general rules. But for his encouragement he may recall that there is no requirement resting upon him to know all the law, and time and patience will bring order out of chaos. He will do well to guard himself from the idea that what has once been the law is still, necessarily, the rule of action, and he must be prepared, at any time, to relinquish a settled legal idea, when he finds it overthrown by statutes or adverse decisions. Above all, he should strenuously resist the temptation to remember mere statements of fact found in the cases he examines, and to load his memory with a quantity of rubbish when that which he needs to seek after, as he would after hidden treasure, is the principle, the legal doctrine, for which the case stands and for which it could be cited in a court of justice. His maxim should be, "Principles, not facts." Any other mode of study will make of him the lamentable failure which bears the name of "case lawyer," who is lost and at his wit's end unless he can recall a "case" exactly similar to the one he is investigating.

Our young barrister to be is now prepared to begin his labors. His first inquiry will be, "Where do I propose to engage in practice?" If he intends to pursue his profession in one State, it would be largely a waste of time to familiarize himself with the law of another jurisdiction.

Where and How to Begin

Having made a selection of the field of his future labors, he will commence the study of law by reading some elementary textbook, dealing with the broad and fundamental principles of the science. There are numerous treatises published, embodying in condensed form the "common" or "unwritten law" (as distinguished from statute law), which underlies the modern legal system of nearly every State. Preferable to any of these is the great textbook from which they all derive their inspiration — Blackstone's Commentaries. The student will do well to read this treatise through at least once before he takes any further step. He is to read it, not for the law it contains (since extensive portions of the work deal with obsolete branches of the science), but for the legal terms and their clear, comprehensive definition and the luminous and elegant style of the writer. If the student has opportunity, he should follow the reading of Blackstone with a similar reading of Kent's Commentaries. The latter deal with the law as applied, in more modern times, to conditions existing in the United States. The object of this first examination of Kent should be, as in the perusal of Blackstone, to gain a clear idea of the significance of legal terms; e. g., "easement," "dower," "emblement," "bailor," etc.

Our student is now ready to begin the systematic study of law in its various branches. He should secure access to some library containing the digests, statutes and reports of the State in which he intends to practice. He will make an outline of the legal subjects which he is to learn, classifying them as "morning" and "afternoon" (or "evening") studies. The mind is refreshed and invigorated by a change from steady contemplation of one branch, to the consideration of another and wholly different one. We suggest the following arrangement: For morning study: Pleading; Real Property; Evidence; Sales of Personal Property; Agency; Negotiable Instruments; Corporations. Afternoon study: Torts; Contracts; Criminal Law; Carriers; Insurance; Partnership; Constitutional Law. By alternating a study of the first class with one of the second, the attention will be less fatigued than if one topic only were considered throughout the day.

We start with "Pleading." Read what Blackstone has to say upon this subject. Then turn to your statutes and note (in writing) how the common law rules have been altered. If possible, reason out for yourself why the change was brought about. Then take your digest of decisions and run down the large heads of what you have been reading in Blackstone; e. g., "declaration," "demurrer," "answer," "reply," "counter-claim," etc. Select a few cases from the reports of your State (not over six or ten) under each head, and read them carefully, allowing your curiosity, as well as your prior knowledge of the subject, to direct you in the selection. Finally, write with ink and in some permanent notebook, a short treatise upon the sub-topic you have been investigating, and embody therein the results of your reading of statutes and cases; leaving wide margins and several blank pages at the end for future additions and annotations. Pursue this course in the afternoon with the subject of "Torts," commencing with Blackstone, and following with the selection of sub-topics for investigation; then examine the statutes and decisions, and finally write the epitome of the whole in a notebook devoted exclusively to "Torts."

A considerable part of this work consists in the reading of cases in order to find the law and learn it when discovered. The student should clearly understand why he reads a case. He is seeking for the kernels of law it contains. He is attempting to learn the legal method of contemplating and analyzing a given state of facts. At the threshold of his study he must become, and he must ever after continue, skeptical of all headnotes of reported cases. These syllabi are seldom the composition of judges, but usually are the ill-digested summary of a court reporter, who holds his office, too frequently, because of his proficiency in politics rather than in law. The headnote is chiefly valuable in apprising him under what general branch of the law the case falls, whether "divorce" or "damages," "mortgages," "municipalities" or "eminent domain."

Furthermore, let him remember that not all that a judge says in the course of an opinion is the law of the case. Much may be said collateral to the point involved. He must therefore delve to find what are the vital questions presented to the court. To do this he will attentively read the facts; then, closing the book, he will attempt to recall them in a natural order. He next rereads the facts, and this time scrutinizes the proceedings of the lower court to determine how the case came before the higher tribunal. Was it upon a question as to the weight of evidence, the lack of evidence, the improper admission of evidence, the sufficiency of the complaint, the amount of damages, or what was the error occurring in the court below which led the unsuccessful party to appeal? This method of examination will, in almost every case, afford a clue to what is the point to be passed upon by the court.

The Search for Common-Sense

Now comes the most important part of the study: put the litigated question, thus discovered, in the form of a hypothetical case, and write it down under its proper heading. Thus, if the main subject be "Contracts," and the case Talbott vs. Stemmons, 89 Ky., 222, 5 L. R. A., 856, we find the facts are that Sallie D. Stemmons agreed, in writing, to pay her grandson, Albert R. Talbott, $500 at her death if he would never use tobacco during her life, from the day the contract was entered into. The promissor died, and the grandson sued her estate to recover the $500, alleging that he had not used tobacco from the date of the above contract until the death of Mrs. Stemmons. There was a demurrer to the plaintiff's petition, which demurrer the lower court sustained. Our entry would be: "Contract: (consideration). A agrees to pay B $500 if B refrains from using tobacco during A's lifetime. B performs the condition and after A's death sues A's estate for the money. Demurrer to complaint. Judgment for whom?" This suppositional case is then filed away for future review.

Having thus brought before his mind the precise point in issue, the student will summon all his previous knowledge upon the subject of "consideration," and endeavor to reason the case out for himself before reading how the upper court decided it. Above all, he will try to discover the *reason* for the decision, and connect the rule of law which the case announces with the reasons founded in common-sense and justice which underlie it. After all else is done, the student will frame the principle or proposition of the case in the best legal language he can command, and speak it aloud to himself; better still, write it and enter it under an appropriate heading in his commonplace book devoted to this subject of "Contracts."

If our pupil is thoroughly in earnest he will avail himself of the first opportunity to discuss this proposition with a friend who is engaged in similar pursuits; or, if such occasion does not offer, he will test his knowledge by slightly varying the facts, and he will determine whether the variance in the facts would change the decision.

By this method of case study, as supplemental to topical study, the student will be enabled to discover the law, to retain the principles of the law, to discriminate between *dicta* and decisions, and to acquire the legal instinct, the logical, practical mind which deals rationally with complicated statements of fact, yet handles them by means of the great rules and doctrines of jurisprudence.

Editor's Note — This is the first of three papers for young men who wish to become lawyers.

THE STEADFAST WIDOW DELANEY

The Story of the Million-Dollar Strike at the Maggie Mine

By Hamlin Garland

CHAPTER V—(Continued)

MAGGIE said no more, but she thought. At supper, while Bidwell talked loudly and freely of his mine and his wealth, and what he intended to buy, she continued silently to ponder. She had the whole evening in which to go over her changed condition, for Bidwell was surrounded by a swarm of men, each of whom clapped him on the back and counted for two whenever he called for the drinks at the bar. He had never been a coarse or intemperate man and he did not drink foolishly this night. He had no need of such stimulant. He was intoxicated with a newborn sense of power. "Why, I could buy this whole town out if I wanted to," he said several times. "That's a way to get an idea of my strike."

The wife was sitting at the window looking away toward the mountains when her husband came in. She glanced at him quickly and keenly, but was relieved to find him sober—and, to tell the truth, weary and a good deal subdued.

"Sherm!" said Maggie decisively, "if we're so rich I want a house—a big wan—wid foine furniture and plinty o' land."

"All right," said Bidwell cheerfully.

"If Oi'm to manage this hot-il an' the bank which ye're goin' to buy, I'll want to live here in town; an' sure, foine ladies loike me don't live in hot-ils."

"All right, we'll fix that to-morrow," replied Bidwell. "Good idea; we'll have the biggest house in town if we have to build it." He slapped his knee in the enthusiasm of the conception.

Next day they bought the banker's house—at his own price, of course—and tried to buy the bank, but this involved a number of complications which disgusted Bidwell, and he said: "Oh, well, let her go! I'll build one of my own."

As proprietor of a hotel and a house, with two hired girls to wait on her, and a gardener to water the lawn, Maggie should have been happy, but she was not. She spent most of her time at the mine, in the kitchen of the big boarding-shack which had been built for the men. All of her poor little belongings (which were too shabby to fit into her fine house at Las Animas) she kept in her room, which was on the ground floor. There was a door leading into the office and one opening into the dining-room. She had very reluctantly surrendered control of the boarding-house to other hands. Indeed she distinctly stipulated that she should retain oversight of it all.

"I want me min fed to their tastes," she said. "They'll work more and thieve less with their skins full of good coffee and mate."

When in town she went to the hotel for her meals. "It's too lonesome entirely in me own house," she said. "Wid Bidwell flyin' around like a flibberty-jibbet—now here, now there—I'd as soon live in jail—and more behind that. Sure I want to be larnin' to run the hot-il—which same scares me now—wid its bigness."

In truth, the life of the hotel fascinated her. She loved its bustle and its hearty clatter. She enjoyed the coming and going of guests and was secretly pleased at being pointed out as the proprietor. She trod around the outer edge of the culinary management daily, studying, questioning, observing, growing each day more confident and more at home. Gradually, imperceptibly, she was being weaned from the mine. She was outgrowing the boarding-house.

And yet her happiest days were when Bidwell (returning from a visit to Denver or Pueblo) would go with her up the trail and spend a week or two at the mine. Then all pretensions melted away. They were workers among workers. True, they were boss—they commanded; but in a hearty way, without any social distinctions. They lived in the shack—in a room with unpainted-pine boards for walls, and a bed that was nailed to the studding like a bunk.

And the mine poured forth its stream of gold! Out of a small mound of two or three hundred feet in diameter, and without going fifty feet below the surface, they took out three hundred thousand dollars by crude methods and a small mill. This was maddening to the camp, for no one else had touched upon an inch of high-grade ore. Bidwell's strike came to be considered a miraculous dispensation of Providence. "To think of a silly old side-winder droppin' into a pot like that is enough to make a real miner cut his windpipe. He never *did* know granite from porphyry, anyhow."

Bidwell's visits to Denver increased in frequency as well as in duration, and each time he came back he brought two or three "capitalists" who were anxious to procure his mine. He had been offered twelve hundred thousand dollars for it—but he only laughed. "I'll take out that much this year," he said.

With her usual shrewdness Maggie had advised Bidwell to put in Angus Craig as superintendent, and the grim old Scotchman proved to be invaluable, for he was both honest and capable. When the offer of two million came he advised Bidwell to take it. "Why should I?" asked Bidwell. "Stratton sold for ten million."

"Aye, mon, aye; but the case is deeferunt—deeferunt. He's was a dip mine—the vein had direction. I'm no sae sure oor lead wull continue. Sall, mon—an' let th' ither mon sweat. What mair wull ye be wantin'? Ye've enoof to buy the warrld. Sall, aye; but tell y'r perrchaser of owd Angus, y'r fore-mon."

As his sense of the purchasing power of a million dollars grew Bidwell acquired a contempt for the small interior towns of the State. Nothing but Colorado Springs or Denver interested him. Las Animas no longer formed his base. He made all his purchases in Denver and Chicago (for his ambitions were ever widening), and his money was all in Eastern banks. He no longer strutted about the Monte Vista hotel standing treat for its guests. He seldom stopped over night in the new house, but hurried on to the mine to look again at the golden stream which old Angus was leaching from the red rocks night and day. It was only there, with the pounding, rushing roar of his mill in his ears, that he realized his wealth. Out in the world he felt insecure.

Here in the gulch was the concrete fact—the ore which could be weighed in the hand and measured by steel. Out in the world it was all words and paper—a hot, feverish dream from which he might awaken at any time. Here he was at home: the great peaks, the stern, immitigable rocks, the icy waters, the sturdy pines, and the men that resembled the pines and the rocks.

And yet—here his disordered imagination controlled him. Standing at the tail of the mill with Angus and watching the thin muddy stream as it flooded the copper plates he shouted:

"We're unravellin' the hills! This is only the beginning, Angus; we can do this as long as we both live."

"Na, na; eet's unbelievable. Why, mon, y'd overtop the warrld—y'd disterrb the financial balunce of a' lands. Na, na; 'twill stope some day—and in the twinkle of an eye y'r millions wull desappear."

At last those who would buy his mine came to understand that it was useless to make him an offer while he stood on the ground. He might be tempted in Denver. In Delaney he laughed at any offer.

One day he said: "Maggie, we had no wedding-trip. It's about time to take one. Put on y'r best bonnet and we'll go to Chicago."

"To Chicago! Why, Sherm, that's haff-way to Ireland, where I was born."

"You can go the whole way if you like."

This made Maggie muse. "No—Oi'm more Amurrican than Irish. I came away when I was but ten years old; but I wud loike to go to Chicago. I have a brother there." But she decided at last not to go. In truth, she could not yet accustom herself to the life of the cities. She felt hopelessly "out of mesh" whenever she left the mine or the Monte Vista. She was at her best as she moved about her hotel. She had risen to that level and was quite at ease there—and happy. Making less attempt to be a lady, she had become simpler in dress. Of course, her gowns were beaded and braided, but they were usually black and so much more reserved in appeal that they dignified her, transformed her into a really handsome, matronly figure. Her straight, strong body, her round head, covered with red-gold hair, rising from a swelling bust, her fresh color and shining white teeth made her a handsome woman, and as she moved across the dining-room or stepped behind the desk men often turned to look at her admiringly.

But when she entered a drawing-room car and started for Denver, or when she sat down to a table in the Antler's Hotel, she was ill at ease and sullen. She had no fear of men, no awe of them, but she dreaded comparison with polished and cultivated women—not because she was not "as good as any of them," but because they were able to throw her into a false position—making her appear clumsy, badly dressed and halting of tongue.

Bidwell, on the contrary, knew no nice distinctions. His wife was just as good as any woman living and considerably smarter than any one he knew. His own vanity strengthened daily and he began to listen to certain flatterers who suggested the Senate to him, but Maggie checked this foolishness.

"Sherm, I'm a gawk, but I'm no fool; but as fer ye—sure ye have the moind of a bluebottle fly now and agin. The Sinnit, is ut? Are there not old grannies enough in the Sinnit already but ye must go pokin' yer hid in the dure? They're foolin' wid ye. It's drinks they're after."

It was this same day that Maggie said: "Sherm, I'm ready to go to Chicago."

He was delighted. "Sure thing, and we'll go in style, too. Want to go to Denver first and buy some things?"

"I do not. I shall do me buyin' in Chicago."

"I'll invite a couple o' friends to go along. No objection?"

"Who are they?"

"The Dinsmores."

She darkened. "I mistrust thim Dinsmores—they're too swate in the mouth to be honest."

"Oh, they're all right. You can invite any one you please—I won't kick."

"I want no one," she replied.

They set forth in all the luxury of a private car, but there was little pleasure in it for Maggie, who sat in the observation end of it and looked back at the receding mountains in sombre silence, while Bidwell surrounded himself with grinning sycophants to whom he told stories and bragged and offered treat till the car rocked and rang with the good-natured squabbling of his companions. It was a long and joyless ride for her.

In Chicago this same sad arrangement continued. Maggie made no friends among the women—at her hotel they all fought shy of "the vulgar thing," because of her tawdry velvets, her flaming jewels and her befrizzled hair. They imagined her sullen when she was only sad. Bidwell, however, was too busy to see how lonely she was. He was seized upon by reporters, by real-estate men, and by those who were curious to look upon a man who had struck a well of liquid gold. They took him to see the parks (and Maggie rode with him here), and at night they hauled him away to show him the underground city, the city of destroying devils, while his wife sat in their gorgeous private parlor and waited for him to return.

By one of those unaccountable blossomings of the womanly heart Maggie had grown very fond of her husband, and it made her ache to think he could so easily forget her. She began to dream of the far-off days at Delaney when she used to browbeat him till he crept about like a timid cat, and relived the joyous frenzy of those days when she was concealing the ore by night and guarding it by day. At the end she sighed and said with unconscious philosophy: "Sure, 'twas more fun gittin' it than spindin' it."

One night, when Bidwell came home to her much as on that memorable evening in the Monte Vista House, she said:

"Sherm, I want to go home; I'm weary of this great city. 'Tis too big and too noisy fer me."

"Why, we're only just come."

"I don't care; I'm lonely for the hills, an' I'm goin' home. Here I sit all day and luk out o' the windy at the crowds, wid no one to spake to but the hired girl that does me room."

"Why don't you get acquainted, the way I do, and have a good time?"

"It's not so aisy fer a woman to have a 'good toime,' as ye call it, and besides, the n'ise an' smoke make me weary."

Bidwell was a soft-hearted man, and now, as he thought of it, she had been "glum," as he called her mood; so he cheerfully said:

"All right, Maggie, home we go to-morrow."

This touched her and she went to him and laid her head on his breast and cried. Bidwell stood astonished, his arms at his sides, looking down at the red-gold head on his bosom.

"Well, I'll be horn-swaggled!" he said softly. He did not put his thought into words, but he was bewildered at this weakening of his fiery little boss. After a pause he added: "You haven't found your brother yet?"

"No, nor can I. Sure, there's an airmy of John McCarty's in the big book. Sherm, do not ye go off to buy the world. I nade ye now. And, Sherm, listen! I grub-staked ye four years—did I not?"

"You did, Maggie."

"I was to have the half of all ye made?"

"I guess that's so."

"Well, now, I want ye to sell my share of the mine and put the money away in my name."

Bidwell staggered. "Hold on, Maggie; that's a big proposition. I must think about that. What's your idea?"

"My idea is to have me money in me own two fists."

"Ye trust me, don't you?"

"I trust ye, Sherm, yiss; but the two Dinsmores and thim English I do not trust; ye're too soft-hearted. More behind than that, I'm scared of the mine. Old Angus is croakin'."

"He's always croakin'. Now, I don't want to sell, but if you say so I will let a quarter interest go and turn the money over to you. You don't want to get out altogether?"

"One-half of all that's come out is mine, too—ye mind?"

"Well, that you can have," he said. "We'll fix the whole thing up when we reach the Springs."

Maggie's mind was constant, and when her share was all in money she said to the attorney: "Go buy me that big stone house I told ye of, and the brick block on the corner, and put the rest in the bank. I'm goin' back to Delaney to rest me hid."

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 14.

CHAPTER VI

MAGGIE was no longer so trustful of her husband as she had given him to understand. Her keen eyes detected in him change. His gaze was less simple, his bearing more self-confident. After making provision for her he no longer consulted her as to his business plans, and he made many foolish purchases of stocks and bonds, led thereto by the Dunsmores, a couple of ingratiating rogues who, under cover of the sign "Mining Brokers," were in fact sharpers, preying upon such as Bidwell

To Maggie's mind these men were Bidwell's chief danger, but when she uttered a word of warning he grew warm. "Nonsense! Why, I know these boys through and through. I went to school with their father back in Illinois. They're mighty bright chaps. You can't make me believe they're crooked."

Maggie could not tell what made her so frankly antagonistic to them. She could only say: "They're too slick, thim doods. I misdoubt the both of thim."

At first Bidwell had boasted of Maggie. "Boys, there's a woman fer ye. Took in boarders and worked like a nigger to grub-stake me. Stood by me four years. I owe all I have to her." But he did not say these things now. In adroit ways: by insinuation at first—by looks, by little exclamations of surprise—and at last in plain words—they made Bidwell feel that he had made a mistake in marrying an Irish cook. They took him home to dinner and instructed him in social distinctions through their handsome wives. He began to see Maggie as they saw her—and his visits at Las Animas grew further apart and shorter in duration. Incidentally he put his business affairs in the hands of Dunsmore Brothers, and Maggie went her way alone.

In January Bidwell left for a long trip to Chicago and New York, and she had no word from him. She took no one but old Angus Craig into her confidence, but to him she went, after some weeks of anxiety.

"Have ye had any word of Sherm?" she asked.

"I have note."

"Do ye know where he is?"

He smiled. "He's gone to buy the warrld,' he replied. "He will be comin home when his pokets are empty."

"Did thim doods go wid him?"

"They did, ma'am, an' they will empty his pokets fer him."

Shortly after this she began to hear of him through the papers. He had quarreled with his agents, accusing them of selling him a lot of worthless stock. Then she heard he had sold a quarter interest in the mine for six hundred thousand dollars.

"They'll get that, too—ivery cent of it," muttered Maggie. "Sure he's buyin' the world in earnest now."

To celebrate this deal he gave a dinner at one of the big New York hotels, purchasing the hotel for the day and making every guest free of the house and all it contained. Then he disappeared. The Denver papers said he had gone abroad, and for some months Maggie was without word of him. In June, at about the time Bidwell went abroad, his little son was born, and named Dan, after "Dan Delaney, me first husband—a good man," she said in curt explanation.

She lived at the Monte Vista, whose management she still partially assumed to keep her busy, and made only an occasional visit to the mine, which was in the hands of old Angus.

One day in November, dressed in his best and looking as gray as a lichen-covered rock, old Angus came down from the snows and sought out Maggie at the hotel. Huskily and with a cautious glance around he began:

Maggie, Ai have vera important news—vera important."

"Come wid me," she said, and he followed to her sitting room.

Maggie closed the door. "Spake; no wan can listen."

Angus turned, took a seat, looked into his hat a long time, then whispered: "The mine will be geven' oot."

"Do you mean it has—"

He was cautious. "Weel, Ai will na' say it has *exactly* geven' oot, but ye may say the pay ore is a kin' of exhausted. You see, lassie, there was na' a *regular* vein at the begeenning. Ai could never determine where the roke ran away to. Noo we hae scooped the poket clean. Naething remains.'

Maggie seemed not excited.

"Do ye know where Sherm is?"

"Ai hae had no communication wi' him this sax weeks, Maggie. Ai have ordered the mill shut doon—till spring an' Ai've notified his attorney in Denver of the fact. He will be takin' charge till Bidwell returns.'

'He'll come fast enough when his money is gone,' replied Maggie.

'Sure his sugar-tongued friends will keck him out thin,' added Angus.

She was right. The news that "the Muggie Delaney" had "played out" traveled literally on the lightning's wing, and Bidwell, who was turning night into day in London, suddenly awoke as though the electric message had been sent through his flesh. He was worn and lethargic from the effects of a late supper, but Jack Dunsmore's question cleared his brain: "What will you do now?"

"I'm going home," he said.

"Do you suppose that's true?"

'Sawyer says 'Old Angus reports the mine exhausted.' That settles it. Angus knows."

'Can't you sell here before the news leaks out? Give me leave and I'll try it.'

Bidwell, who was tremulously combing his thin gray hair, turned and looked at the young man so long that the rascal was forced to laugh in self defense. "I was only joking, you old numskull; what's the matter with you?" Something got into his voice which Bidwell had not heard before. He resumed his dressing in silence. When he turned his face was set in the old lines. "I'm wondering if Maggie was right, after all. She was always dead set agin you fellers. She always believed you'd sell me out—do me any way you could; and I begin to believe it."

'Oh, pshaw! Now, Sherm, don't go off half cocked. This may all be a trick of your old Irish cook to get you home."

"Now you want to be careful how you talk about my wife this mornin'," said Bidwell slowly. "I'm a little techy and I might go off. I've been to the circus, I've eat my peanuts and popcorn, and now I want to go home and see to the cows and chickens. I want you to settle up our affairs and I'll get out o' here by the next boat. I'm sick o' the whole blame business."

CHAPTER VII

MAGGIE was standing behind the register of the Monte Vista receiving her guests with hearty Irish words of welcome when a girl came to her side and whispered: "There's an old man who says he's a prodigle in the parlor wants to see you."

Maggie's face went white and her breath shortened. "It's Sherm!" she cried under her breath.

She knew him, of course—but the change in him was prodigious. His hair and beard were long and unkempt, his clothes were dirty and wrinkled, his linen black with dust, and his frame stooped and nerveless. He seemed nearer seventy than fifty.

For love of God, Sherm, what ails ye? Sure I scarce know ye!"

Then as he stood in silence before her the thought of all he had been to her in the past came back, the tears sprang from her eyes, and she wailed:

Oh, Sherm, why *would* ye go?"

He still stood fumbling his hat, too weak and ill to speak, and too ashamed even to raise his eyes.

"Come!" she cried, "I've something to show ye"—but she stopped suddenly—"but not now—not till ye're scrubbed and decently clothed. Come wid me!"

She led him to a room off the parlor and set to work to put him in order. A hot meal, a bath and clean clothing made him more like his old self, but his eyes were heavy and his brain benumbed for lack of sleep—and Maggie forebore to question him that night. As he lay in deep slumber she bathed a great red welt which throbbed along his temple.

Now ye look a little more like y'rself—only ye're ten years older—ye poor old gawk!" she said tenderly. "Ye started out to buy the world. It's a lucky thing fer us all that my share o' the mine wint to buy houses and land. Now we'll be able to start again."

A long night's rest brought back some share of Bidwell's old time self confidence. The sight of Maggie, plump and fresh colored, and effective as ever, helped him, too. She had no reproaches—she laughed at him, and when they stood over the baby's cradle she said: "I saw ye was bound to have y'r fling, Sherm, but I was after makin' the b'y safe from y'r fool thricks. I have ivery cint ye gave me."

Together they made a visit to the mine—a sombre journey, for the cañon was silent and lonely and the winter snows lay deep in the Camp of Delaney. The trail across the creek was hidden, but they reached the spot at last, chilled and weary. Around the shanty the snow lay unbroken by any footstep save that of the squirrels, and the cold and lonesomeness affected Maggie deeply.

"Sure it sames as if ivery body had died and we were ghosts come back to wail over it," she said as they entered the power house. The engine was rusting sadly in its place, the jaws of the crusher were agape, the ore-room echoed to their voices like a hall of the dead.

At the entrance to the mine Maggie drew back. "No, I'll not go in. I'll wait fer ye here; I'm scared of the place."

Bidwell was not gone long; his experienced eyes read the short story. "It's all scooped out," he said. "Old Angus got every pound of pay ore. I don't know where that vein came from nor where it's gone—only it's gone. The old man prodded around, but ran into solid walls of granite. I guess I'll have to find another mine." He straightened up, and his eyes lit up with resolution. "Maggie Delaney, I have one more favor to ask of you: I want you to grub stake me once more. Will ye do it?"

And Maggie with unconscious wisdom replied quickly: "Sherm, I will, but ye must not go till the spring."

The rest of the winter was spent in setting up the affairs of "The Maggie." Bidwell was for pressing some of the men who had cheated him, but Maggie said: "No, I will not spend a dollar in such work. Ye've been to school and ye must pay for yer schoolin'."

One fine warm day in April Bidwell brought old Nebuchadnezzar round to the kitchen door and called on "the Widow Delaney" for his bacon and beans and flour a penniless prospector again—but his eyes were bright and Maggie let him go willingly. "Sure ye look loike yerself again, Sherm. God be wid ye!" and so he rode up the trail to search the mysterious deeps of the mountains.

He is still searching—but each summer his trips are shorter. The lure of the mountains is weakening as the speech of his little son increases in power.

THE END

"OH, SHERM, WHY *WOULD* YE GO?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year — 5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company

¶It is never hot enough for the man who asks about it

¶A man never fills his own pocketbook by guessing how much other people are worth

¶The most prevalent summer complaint is sighing for home while paying hotel board.

¶The model business house is that in which every employee feels that he is a member of the firm

¶Some people think they are disturbed by their doubts when they are merely worrying over their grocery bills.

¶By the new fast trains New York and Chicago are only twenty hours apart. And, of course, each is calling the other its new suburb

¶It is distinctly unfashionable to be run over and killed by anything cheaper than a ten thousand dollar automobile painted in one of the primary colors

The Degenerate Firecracker

SOMETHING ought to be done to rehabilitate the Fourth of July celebration, especially its firecracker department. The celebration of the present day is but a pale reflection and a far-off echo of the glorious triumph of the past; and the sickly, petulant pop of the contemporary firecracker bears but sorry comparison with the detonation of its predecessor of a few years aback. It is sad to see a national institution thus going to the dogs; but the dogs need not worry—it no longer frightens them, as in time past it did.

The old celebration used to come in at one minute past midnight with a terrific discharge of the village brass cannon. This formidable piece of ordnance, loaded with quantities of the loudest powder wedged down with wet grass, was then kept in action by enthusiastic yeomen till sunrise; and throughout the day there were desultory bangs, unless, indeed, the thing blew up at about nine o'clock, as it too frequently did, with a great scattering around of the said unfortunate yeomen. Then, during the day, there was the program: races of all kinds, especially trotting races by local nags, some of which would not infrequently cover the mile in less than three minutes, and running races in which quantities of dust were kicked up. There were divers other contests, and patriotic songs rendered by the glee club with much sound and fury, with the reading of the Declaration of Independence by the schoolmaster in a penetrating voice, and as the cap-sheaf of the whole—more important even than the oration itself—the oration by the candidate for Congress, in which, with the corner of one eye on the votes of the local citizens from a certain green isle, the tail of the British lion was given a few pretty little tiny kickshaw kinks—the whole interspersed, punctuated and made alive by the resounding explosions of bushels of firecrackers

But now this sort of celebration is becoming rare, and the firecracker is degenerate. What is meant is the small, ordinary cracker. When it consents to go off at all, it is with an insignificant little sizzling, asthmatic, tentative, apologetic pop which is about as spirit-stirring as the report of a root-beer cork. Why is this? Has a trust got hold of the cracker industry? Or does it need a trust to put "life and mettle" into it? Or is the Mongolian played out, and has he lost his cracker cunning? Perhaps all firecrackers are now made in Connecticut. If so they must be manufactured in old wooden nutmeg factories.

These latter day inaudible firecrackers are frauds, cheating the small boy out of his hard-saved dime. And as to the tail of the lion, what is it for? It is an ornamental rather than an essential appendage, and a gentle little twist, with a bit of a knot or two just for remembrance—lest he forget—can do no harm, and is sure to awaken enthusiasm on the rear benches.

Give us back our old celebration! and in the matter of the firecracker there should be legislation; the makers must be compelled by law to use better powder and more of it.

The Answer to Morgan

A BRITISH shipping trust is to be the answer to the Morgan combination. Careful inspection of the field has disclosed the fact that a good many ships have slipped between the teeth of Mr. Morgan's rake—enough, indeed, to make a fleet quite as large in numbers and tonnage as his own. Therefore the mourners who were preparing to sing a requiem over England's maritime greatness are beginning to dry their eyes and remark that things are not so bad as they might be.

The British trust, if it shall materialize, will be an interesting spectacle. But it must be observed that there is no magic in the words "syndicate" or "combination." If you formed a syndicate to run a million tons of steamers between Labrador and Greenland, you would not have a paying enterprise, even though your trust might have an absolute monopoly of the business. There must be business to get before a monopoly of it can be worth having

Here is where the Morgan syndicate will have an advantage which it will be very hard for any British trust to overcome. In the matter of freight, we sell to England from three to five times as much as she sells to us, and this excess is even more marked in bulk and weight than in value. The shippers of freight control its transportation. If there had been two rival national trusts competing for the trade between Great Britain and the United States in 1901, the English trust might have secured the job of carrying the $143,000,000 worth of British exports to the United States, but the American trust would have carried the $630,000,000 worth of American exports to England

The advantage of the Morgan syndicate in comparison with any British combination is even more marked than this. Its control of the huge volume of American exports is vastly more complete than any British syndicate's control of the small volume of British exports. For the American trust is the actual owner of a large part of the products to be carried by its ships, and it has complete control over a large part of the remainder by virtue of its ownership of the railroads by which they must be transported from the interior to the sea. The British shipping trust is a shipping trust pure and simple. It must compete on equal terms with its rivals, even for trade originating in England, unless it be assisted by subsidies—a game which two can play at.

The advantage of the American trust is equally marked in passenger traffic. Four fifths of the cabin passengers both ways are American. Of the steerage passengers, the great bulk come from the continent of Europe, and, of course, would have no preference for British over American ships. If they had any choice at all, it would, in all probability be the other way.

Hence, Americans can view the advent of the British shipping trust with entire equanimity. It can do them no particular harm, and it will help at least to make things interesting.

The Solid French Republic

THERE seems to be a good deal more stability in the character of the French people than the world is generally inclined to give them credit for. The Third Republic is nearly thirty two years old now and the later elections have left it stronger than ever. Fortunately for us, our form of government has never been an issue in our politics. But when we remember the various political upheavals that have occurred in this country in the past thirty-two years, we can hardly assert with confidence that we might not have lived under half a dozen constitutions in that time if our party disputes had happened to take that direction. France has been illustrating Professor Seeley's dictum that history is past politics and politics is present history. All the governments that circumstances have imposed upon the French people within the past century and a quarter have left their fossilized relics in the French politics of to-day in the shape of parties or factions. It is much to the credit of the citizens of France that they have never given the reactionary parties a chance to overthrow the Republic. The balance among republican factions has shifted, but the fidelity of the majority of the people to the republican ideal has not wavered.

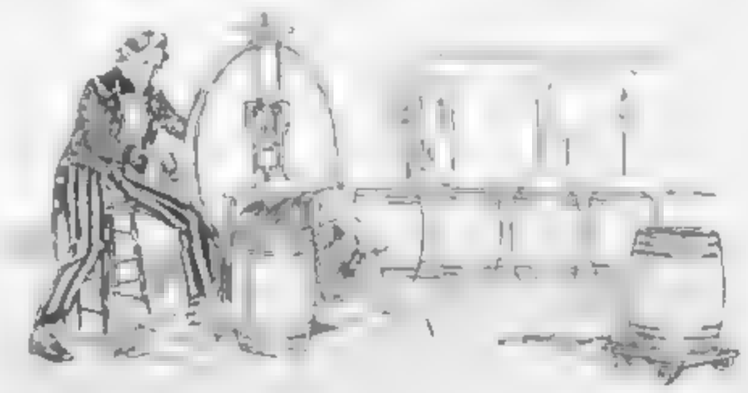
Although the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry will have a majority of about a hundred in the new Chamber of Deputies, even that is far from expressing the full strength of the republican principle in France. Republicans make up the larger part even of the minority. And the monarchists of all shades make together only a pitiful fraction of the body. When they cease to be subsidized by dowries from republican America, a monarchist politician in France may be as rare as in the country from which Castellane draws his campaign funds

The Dollar of the Future

TWENTY NINE years ago the silver "dollar of the fathers" became the victim of the "crime of 1873," and within the next two years the country was plunged into a turmoil that has lasted with greater or less vehemence ever since. Nobody less than forty years old can remember a time when the silver question did not hang over our politics. And now the House, with hardly any discussion and without even a division, has passed a bill that brings to an end this controversy that has strained our nerves for almost a whole generation, that has created and destroyed parties, set up and cast down politicians, and engendered a literature so vast that it would take a library to hold it.

The bill which has passed so smoothly provides that the silver bullion bought under the Sherman Act of 1890 may be coined at the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury into subsidiary coin instead of standard dollars, and that the silver dollars already in existence may be recoined hereafter into fractional pieces as the public necessities may require. This means the gradual disappearance of silver as standard money. The fractional coins are not full legal tender and an amendment designed to make them so was voted down in the House without a division. There is a steady annual demand for small change, requiring hitherto the purchase of large amounts of silver bullion to meet it. Hereafter these demands will be met, first, by the use of the bullion in the Treasury, and then, when that is exhausted, by the gradual recoinage of the standard silver dollars.

Of course, most of the existing silver dollars are represented by silver certificates in circulation, and cannot be touched, but there are always some millions of silver certificates in the Treasury, and the recoinage of the dollars they stand for will gradually reduce the total amount in existence. It is the tendency that is the important thing. For fifteen years, from the passage of the Bland Allison Act in 1878 to the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act in 1893, the amount of actual or potential standard silver money in the country was steadily and rapidly increasing. From that time to this it has been stationary. Hereafter, if the House bill become law, it will be gradually declining. That will relieve the Treasury of all possible difficulty in the way of redemptions, and the only question remaining will be whether there will be currency enough for the needs of business. This may bring on a new controversy between those who think that the Government should issue more greenbacks to take the place of the silver certificates retired and those who believe that the power of increasing the currency should be given to the banks. So we may not be rid of the money question yet, but at any rate it is a relief to have it take a new form, and to be able to bid a long farewell to the "crime of 1873."



MEN AND MEASURES

The Week at Washington

By CHARLES EMORY SMITH

THE new America rules the hour. The old provincial and isolated America has passed away. The chrysalis, long developing for its new flight, has burst its sheath and spread its wings. The change is strikingly shown in the character of the questions which absorb public attention. Congress has been in session nearly seven months, and no considerable domestic matter has been on its calendar. Its time has practically been divided between Cuba, the Philippines and the Isthmian Canal.

In the Cabinet the change is even more marked. The deliberations of that body are behind closed doors and its members do not play to the galleries. They are there solely for business, and for the business which is immediate and uppermost. There is debate, but it is not the debate of the forum. It is the direct, practical discussion of the board of directors which elicits facts, compares views and proceeds to conclusions.

Secretary Hay is apt to enliven it now and then with a pertinent and piquant illustration drawn from literature or from the repertoire of a long experience with interesting figures. Mr. Shaw is quite likely to throw in a quaint observation or a droll story. Mr. Root not infrequently gives edge to his serious and earnest talk with a caustic comparison or a playful turn. If the Secretary of Agriculture doesn't at appropriate intervals interject a Biblical text or a Scotch verse, with which he is as familiar as with hayseed and cornstalks, it indicates that he is not quite himself. When Secretary Long sat at the table he was sure to let fly a shaft of witticism. And it must be a peculiarly sober and sobering discussion to which the President does not give a lively dash by the graphic phrases and the picturesque characterizations of which he is an unrivaled master.

But all this is only the byplay and the relief which overstrained men must have from the serious and anxious work of great problems. Their discussion is for the most part the direct, interlocutory talk which reaches for the facts and for the policy to be applied. When they assemble around the Cabinet table they deal with the administrative questions which press for consideration and action — not the ordinary matters of regular administration which the Secretaries decide and conduct in their respective Departments, but the broader matters which involve questions of policy and upon which the attitude and course of the Government are to be determined by joint counsel and conclusion.

There is no calendar. There is no regular order of business. The question comes up that demands attention. It may be presented by the President. It may arise through a dispatch to the State Department. It may appear through a call for the action of the War Department. And the thing which significantly shows the changed front and relations of the Government is the fact that for four years the Cabinet sessions have been occupied with an entirely new class of questions.

The New Power of the Executive Branch

The change is more marked than in Congress because the diplomatic relations with foreign Powers come up in the Cabinet, and they appear in Congress only when a treaty is submitted for ratification or an appropriation is required for the execution of some policy. For instance, through the summer of 1900 the Government was deeply absorbed with the tremendous issues of the great convulsion in China, and the question never appeared in Congress. The participation of our Government was wholly a matter of Administration action. Had such an eruption occurred at Peking five years ago, the United States would practically have played no part. It would have been a paralyzed and passive spectator. It would even have been dependent on foreign Powers for the rescue of its own beleaguered Minister.

As it was, the United States bore a leading and conspicuous part in the mighty drama. Its State Department was as active and as potential as the Cabinets of Europe. All this came with the extraordinary change which was wrought by three years of momentous history. Formerly isolated and shut up within our own shell, our country is now a factor in the movements and deliberations which concern the world at large, and it is constantly consulted by the great Powers which a few years ago would not have thought of considering it in any matter outside of its own immediate sphere.

Add to this change that which comes with the necessity of dealing with our own dependencies and with our direct or indirect wards, and we have almost a transformation in the direction of governmental activities. How did the Cabinet occupy itself in the days before these new problems appeared? is a question naturally asked in view of its present absorption in what then engaged no attention at all. Every period brings its own obligations. After the Civil War questions of domestic development demanded consideration. There has never been a time when all interests have had such phenomenal growth as during the past five years, and, if our foreign expansion had not been so overshadowing in its novel and picturesque character, our domestic upbuilding within the same time would have been the theme of constant wonder. But it has been carried by the momentum of settled policies and has only needed free scope and fair play.

Coming back to Congress we see how it has been free to deal with the new questions which have appeared at the front. This is the long session and no great domestic issues have pressed for legislation. The currency, which up to five years ago had been the subject of constant agitation, has been accepted as a settled matter and has required no action. It is sound and safe and beyond disturbance, and though there are details that might be adjusted for the perfection of a permanent system, they involve no immediate and vital necessity. The tariff is in much the same position. The general system has given a sense of security, and though there might be improvements with the changed conditions of time no action is urgent.

Thus the field has been clear for the exterior problems which have taken the place of internal questions as the burning issues of the hour. The Philippines have held the stage for weeks, and now as the session approaches its close Congress is face to face with the matter of Cuban reciprocity, as it was at the beginning. This has been almost the Alpha and Omega of the session's alphabet. The broad policy and the high duty of the United States seemed so plain at the outset that it was believed no narrow view or mistaken interest could thwart their execution or seriously impede their progress. But division of counsels has weakened efforts; misjudged effects of action and erroneous apprehensions of injury have excited opposition, and the conditions have not permitted a commanding and inspiring voice which could dissolve differences, and summon Congress with high appeal under a recognized and decisive leadership.

The Unfortunate Mistake of General Wood

The Cuban question has been complicated and embarrassed by various side and subordinate matters which in reality have had no relevancy to the main issue, but which have added perplexity and contention to the situation. General Wood's appropriation of some $10,000 from the Cuban treasury to aid a reciprocity propaganda in this country was unfortunate. There was nothing legally or morally wrong in the transaction. It was well meant. Intrusted with the care of Cuban interests, General Wood conscientiously sought to promote a great measure vital to Cuban welfare. But it was none the less an error of judgment and an act of indiscretion because it was capable of being distorted and misused, as it has been.

A less ingenuous man and one of more civil experience would not have made such a mistake. General Wood is frank, open, honest and in some ways quite guileless. He has a soldier's directness and vigor, with far more than the ordinary soldier's capacity for affairs. Placed in charge at Santiago he developed an administrative energy and ability which marked him above all others for the supreme command in Cuba. As a whole his administration was remarkably successful. The efficacy of his work for Cuba and the value and splendor of his embodiment of the magnanimous, faithful and honorable trusteeship of the United States cannot well be overestimated.

He had a proconsul's power and he wielded it with a proconsul's mastery. In the nature of the case all authority was concentrated in his hands. It was a military control of civil affairs. He was practically Governor and Legislature. He ruled the treasury and determined the expenditures. He had a Cuban Cabinet to advise him and to administer the various branches of the government, but they were only his agents, responsible to him, and the ultimate authority was his. He exercised this unlimited power unhesitatingly and resolutely, with the genius of command. He saw what ought to be done and he did it. In this work he was scrupulously honest, upright and fearless, and taking his rule in its completeness it was a noble proof of the ability of the American people and Government to administer the interests of a dependent people with fidelity and success.

It would have been strange if, in the conduct of a vast trust with such unchecked power, there had not been some minor mistakes of judgment. The appropriation of funds from the

THE OLD PROVINCIAL AND ISOLATED AMERICA HAS PASSED AWAY

treasury for a literary bureau in the United States was such an error. Had the amount been set apart for a direct, open Cuban representation in a matter of the highest concern to Cuba there could have been no criticism. The mistake was not in any wrong or perversion, but in the misjudgment which used a method that was liable to misrepresentation. When the Cuban treasury and the Sugar Trust were found contributing to the same propagandist agency there was sure to be an outcry, and the disclosure has been industriously turned to account by the opponents of the liberal policy.

In reality it does not affect the merits of the main question, but it has been eagerly employed to distract attention. The friends of the beet sugar interest are adroit, persistent and effective. There is no more shrewd, wary and skillful manager than Senator Elkins. He smiles and soothes and keeps steadily at work. Senator Burrows is cool and smooth and astute, with an earnest determination under a calm exterior. If the Minnesota and Nebraska Senators and others like them are looking after the supposed interests of their constituents, they are doing only what all do under similar conditions.

As long as the question is kept on a low and narrow plane there is no strong ground of appeal. The mistake has been in allowing it to be dwarfed to the level of inferior and limited interests. It ought to have been lifted up to the summit of a great national policy, involving not only a high obligation to a people whose whole relations to the world we have changed, but also national leadership in a continental community of commercial relations. The hand placed before the eye shuts out the sun. The lesser phases of the Cuban issue have been allowed to obscure the overmastering question. Should we break the tariff at any point? Should we open a door to general revision? Haven't we done enough for Cuba? Ought we to menace any home interest?

A Lost Opportunity in Congress

The contest has been suffered to turn too much on these and similar secondary questions. Why could there not have been some adequate presentation of the great crucial issue of national policy? Four years ago the United States entered upon a new career. Up to that time its assertive force in the Western Hemisphere was that of moral influence. But then it exercised physical power and took a direct hand in shaping material relations. It interposed between Spain and Cuba and deliberately assumed to free the island. That was the adoption of a new national policy which not only asserted the hegemony of the United States on this continent but recognized that this primacy involved obligations of humane, material and commercial guardianship. The direct and legitimate sequence of such a policy is to draw a circle around this continent and its contiguous islands, and to hold within that circle the special reciprocal relations of mutual advantage and close fellowship. The true conception of this national advance, the lofty portraiture of its character and its significance, and the earnest summons of the nation to its acceptance and its realization could hardly be without effect.

The President's special message suggests this view, but touches it with restraint. It is an earnest appeal for generosity to Cuba, with an intimation of the part this country is to play in the destiny of the continent, but without a plain declaration. On the side of duty to Cuba the President speaks with fervor and force; but on the larger issue he speaks with the reserve of his responsibility. If there were a commanding voice in Congress that could sound the right note it would ring over the land, and yet after the lines had been so lamentably broken it might fail. There has been a lost opportunity.

The Happy Family

How to Make Animals Mind

By Thornton Sherburne Hardy

IN ALL probability it never has been your good fortune, as it is mine, to possess an initial number of The Zoölogist and Game-keeper. But then, perhaps you are not a Pet-Keeper, a Trapper, nor a Hunter, and it is to such that The Zoölogist and Game-keeper was addressed. Apparently, however, it failed to reach them, for the Post-Office authorities withdrew the publisher's second-class mail privileges and the little paper fell dead from the press on the second issue.

It was not through its reading matter that The Zoölogist and Game-keeper deserved a longer life, but through the extraordinary nomenclature and brilliant color of its advertisements. I am not a pet-keeper, nor a trapper, myself; I am only the much neighbor-ridden owner of a bull pup, but it interested me to learn that I might, if I so chose, lord it over Japanese Nuns, Bishop Weavers, Brazilian Cardinals, and even Archangels. Double Yellowhead Mexican Parrots, guaranteed to talk, were mine for the mention (though, for a talking bird, the extra head seemed a confusing addition). Vampires I thought not so desirable. But what most appealed to me was

THE HAPPY FAMILY: A COLLECTION OF ONE HUNDRED LIVE ANIMALS CONSISTING OF YOUNG LIONS, BEARS, WOLVES, FOXES, PUMAS, BABOONS, RACCOONS, WILDCATS, AND OTHER ANIMALS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION, AGREEING AND LIVING TOGETHER

It came to me that if the pup could be educated in that Hall of Concord, the neighbors' cats and I should lead a less strenuous life.

At the number given I was shown up a pair of back stairs and halted at a stout wooden door. Stout as it was, it quivered and rattled under a perfect shower of thumps and jolts, while through the keyhole came an unceasing scream of the most appalling squalls.

Billy, the Trouble Hunter

"Be quiet, Billy," laughed the Master; "you'll get your dinner in a minute." "Billy" proved to be a young brown bear about twelve weeks old. His pan of milk brought to him, he planted both forefeet in the middle of it by token of possession, and thrust his little snout in up to the eyes. This performance was repeated as often as the pan was filled, and no efforts could dissuade him from his belief that the milk might get away if for one instant he forgot to hold it down. I had looked to see the milk lapped up, as his little cousins, the foxes, lap—but nothing of the sort; Billy drank like a horse, and with almost as much noise.

Relieved of his hunger, he again took up the business of the day. A bear is always busy and usually in trouble. If there is anything to investigate, anything to burrow under and upset, or to climb over or on top of and knock down, look for the bear. In the half-hour following his refreshment Billy tipped over two half-filled kegs of nails and at least twenty smaller boxes of assorted showman's property, climbed all the table legs, ranged over every shelf that could be jumped to from some higher vantage-ground or otherwise reached—to the utter confusion of whatever was on the shelves—overturned every animal's water can, rowed with the terrier, cuffed the wolves, and made faces at the monkey, until he was removed, scuffling and squalling, by the scruff of his dirty little neck, and chained, obstreperous to the last, where he could make no further mischief.

In the intervals of Billy's activity I had noticed a particularly villainous-looking bull terrier, with a black patch over his near eye, chained to a staple in one corner. "Patsy" is a "pad"—a word, when applied to four-footed animals, which had always brought to my mind an easy-gaited, ambling Dobbin, such a beast as John Gilpin *ought* to have ridden. Patsy, on the contrary, is not ridden, but rides—like Gilpin, holding fast for his life. He has been trained to jump at anything which moves rapidly before his face. In the old days of bull-baiting he used to jump and fasten just so on the bull's nose, there to hang and tug till he brought the bull down with him. Now, he jumps from a little platform high up in the galleries of a Vaudeville Theatre at a stoutly wadded rag, catches it fast between his teeth and, hanging from a riding trolley, slides safely down the wire to the stage. I believe it is called "The Leap for Liberty," and it is an act that never fails to stir the audience.

My next introduction was to "Georgie," a shaggy-haired little mongrel terrier, valued at $800. Georgie is variously accomplished. He will turn back-somersaults as rapidly as any acrobat; he waltzes prettily on his hind-feet; he begs on all occasions to climb his ladders—there are two of them, and Georgie steps up one on his hindfeet, turns about, and comes down the other on his forefeet—but the trick his master is proudest of, and of which Georgie makes no case at all, is "the promenade." Now, almost any trained dog can walk on his hindlegs. First he is taught to stand and then lured forward, a step at a time, with a bit of meat held just out of reach, until later he will follow his master about the room. Georgie does all this and more: at the word of command he will walk *away* from his master. The distinction seems inconsiderable and usually has to be explained to the spectator, but, in fact, it marks the division line between animal and human intelligence, and, until Georgie came to cross it, has always been regarded as most significant.

How to Make One's Self Obeyed

Dogs differ greatly in aptitude. Confidence must first be inspired and the conception of plain, every-day obedience firmly enforced. The dog must come when he is called—instantly and willingly—and go where he is told. It does no good to beat him if he is tardy—you can hardly expect him to come to a beating. Tie him with a long leash, and if he loiters when you call, snap the leash. If he proves obstinate still, and crouches, put a tack where it will touch him when the collar tightens. It is surprising how a little practical demonstration will point your precept.

"Dogs under eighteen months old," says the Master, "are unfit for work. An animal must have most of the nonsense out of him before he is worth my time; he must be sensible and ready before I can begin on more advanced training. I like to start on a dog of under two years who has been taught house life—after that it is a matter of temperament. Georgie I scarcely had to give any time to at all. He loves his work and the patter of applause from the house is better to him than all the fondling in the world. [Outside of business hours he is an unamiable, surly little beast, suspicious of strangers.] Georgie is a genius—he learns by intuition and works best alone. I say eight hundred dollars is his price, but, put to the test, I doubt if I would part with him for any money.

"Now Jack, here, is different. Jack isn't particularly intelligent, but he's a born leader. Come here, Jack, and show the gentleman your act." A black and fawn-spotted fox terrier, lithe and kindly faced, pranced up to his master's knee and held his head for the mask and harness that slipped over it and buckled around his shoulders. Then a black, crop-haired tail was strapped to his wagging little stump and, presto! the bells were jingling and there was Jack footing it around the ring, as smart a little polo pony as you would wish to see.

"Jack has that act with a mate, and that yellow monk over there sits on a little red cart (yes, a dog cart!) and drives the tandem. Jack takes the hurdles, too, and keeps all the rest of them up to scratch. Give me a half-hour alone with Jack first and he and I together will break all the rest of the pack to a new act in ten minutes. No, Jack is not for sale, either. You can't develop leadership in dogs any more than you can in men.

"Monkeys you have to treat in an absolutely different way—you beggar, salute your master! There, see his hand go up? Well, the first step in that trick is to tap him over the head with a stick. He puts his hand up to defend himself—with a little patience the rest comes easy. You must always use patience and never lose your temper. You can't be variable with an animal any more than you can with a child, or it won't pay any attention to you. When you give a command insist upon it. Don't win obedience by entreaty—some day the animal won't oblige you. And, of course, you must make it evident what you want. If your dog gets puzzled, stop working him immediately and pick it up later.

The Education of Sambo

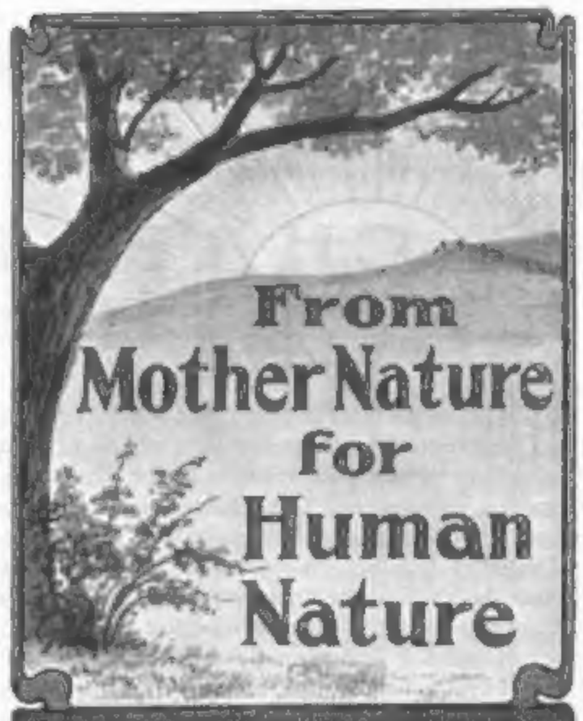
"In general, you might say that the best medium for training is experience. If you can make the experience seem to come as a direct consequence of the animal's own act, and not through any intervention of your own, so much the better. My monkey, Sambo, I taught to eat with a spoon by giving him a dish clamped to the table so that it couldn't be turned over, and so deep and so narrow in the neck he couldn't get at the bottom with his hands. The use of the spoon came very quickly then, but at first he made the mistake of dumping everything on the table and eating it piecemeal with his fingers afterward. I cured him of that by putting another hungry monkey beside him, who appropriated for himself everything that Sambo brought up. A few disappointments quickly taught Sambo that the safest place for food was his own face.

"What your dog needs is experience. His life has been one long triumphal procession. He needs to be licked—not by you nor me, but by another animal. Just you let me put him in the happy family here, muzzled; let the monkeys tease him, let the coons steal his food, and the baby wolves pull his ears. He'll be a little exasperated at first, but there is nothing like experience to take down the conceit. A little while and he will be as soft as a kitten. There's a big gray ape over there I wouldn't be afraid to leave alone with him, unmuzzled—he'd take a stick to him. Of course a dog with spirit ain't afraid of a stick in strange hands—human hands—but when he sees a four-footed beast with hair on his back pick up a club and beat him over the face it just naturally feazes him. Yes, sir, he can't stand for it! A little of that would do your dog good.

Why the Animal Business is Unprofitable

"You thought I was in the animal business and not the show business? Well, so I am, but I am going to get out of it. There is no money in it. The duty kills it. Hagenbeck and the other big Germans can import their animals free and house them on the other side till they get a market; and then they send their agents to the Zoos and sell us out right under our noses. The fifty per cent. duty kills us. We can't afford to keep a duty-paid stock on hand against the off-chance, when those Germans can underbid us—though on a wager I could probably get together twenty thousand animals before the first of the month. The Zoos, you see, don't have to pay any duty, so they can buy cheaper from Hagenbeck on the other side, who houses his stock duty-free, than they can from me who has to pay fifty per cent. No, sir, there is no money in it. I have pushed this business as far as it can go, and when you've done that it's time for a live man to quit and hunt a new job."

I did not assist at the introduction of my dog to the happy family, nor could I watch the progress of his reformation, but when I last saw him, a week later, he was rolling about the floor with Billy, the bear, hugging his neck, while the boards resounded with the joyful whacking of his tail. Billy has no tail worth speaking of to wag, but his expressive voice testified to his enjoyment. And the baby wolves, the Master solemnly informed me, he had been forced to take away—"they abused and pestered the good-natured brute so, a pullin' of his ears."



HIRES Rootbeer

Hires Rootbeer brings to the home, in the most delightful form, a preparation of herbs, roots, barks and berries—Mother Nature's most helpful gift to Human Nature. A temperance beverage that satisfies the thirst and pleases the palate.

The more the children drink of it the stronger they grow; the more grown folks drink of it the better they feel. Hires Rootbeer purifies the blood, tones the nerves and aids digestion. You make it right at home.

25c. package makes 5 gallons. Send 2c. stamp for booklet of "Unnatural History." Cash prizes for solving combinations.

Charles E. Hires Company Haloers, Pa.

WATCHES

Artistic productions for Ladies' wear—Silver chatelaines in unique designs—Shoulder watches in all metals or enameled—Open face or hunting, for belt or pocket—Send for our booklets and select designs.

The New England Watch Co.

37 and 39 Maiden Lane, N. Y. 131 to 137 Wabash Ave., Chicago Sprockets Building, San Francisco

TRICYCLES for Cripples and WHEEL CHAIRS for Invalids

Obtain our prices on any special work desired. Catalogue Free.

E. C. FAY TRICYCLE & INVALID CHAIR CO. Elyria, Ohio

A Labor and Time Saver for Women

For convenience nothing can compare with using

The GEM Ironing Machine

It absolutely saves nine-tenths time, great amount of labor and all worry. Economical, practical, durable. Only 1 cent per hour to heat by gas or gasoline. Sent FREE—Illustrated booklet, "Modern Methods in Ironing." Write to-day. Domestic Mangle Co., Box S Racine Junction, Wis.

The Risk of Summer Travel

The greater amount of travel in the summer time increases personal risk. We insure you against loss of income resulting from accidents, if you take out an

Accident Policy

in THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., of Hartford, the oldest, largest and strongest Accident Insurance Company in the world. These policies guarantee a weekly income while disabled, and large amounts for loss of legs, arms, hands, feet or eyes. If death ensues, a stated sum is paid. $17,000,000 have been distributed among 977,000 Policy Holders or their families for injuries or death.

A Life Policy

in THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO. provides safe insurance at a lower guaranteed net cost than mutual companies, which charge for insurance and give such a share in the profits as the company sees fit. THE TRAVELERS charges for insurance only. The net cost of a policy in THE TRAVELERS is therefore guaranteed and known beforehand and the difference is in your pocket first to last.

Agents in every town; or write for interesting literature.

The Travelers Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.
(Founded 1863)

A Fountain Brush

Shower Bath Flesh Brush and Bath Sponge

combined in one make possible

A Perfect Bath

New, hygienic appliance which insures cleanliness with ease and comfort in bathing.

The Knickerbocker Myriad Stream India Rubber Fountain Brush is a velvety-toothed flesh brush of India rubber. Every tooth is a tiny but vigorous fountain when water is forced through it by means of a tube from the bath faucet. Applied to the skin it loosens all impurities, washing them away at the same time. **A Lady May Enjoy a Shower Bath without Wetting Her Hair** or she may have a shampoo at will. The brush will not injure the most delicate skin, while it cleanses as nothing else will. It is pliable, fitting all curves of flesh or muscle, yet stiff enough to give thorough massage. **Price, $3.50** all delivery charges prepaid. We have a carefully prepared book upon proper exercise, bathing and eating by such eminent authorities as Dr. Luther Gulick, Dr. Eliza M. Mosher and Dr. Julian P. Thomas, upon muscle building, body nourishment, care of the skin, bathing for health and beauty. It will be sent with the brush for $3.60 or the book alone for 25 cents. If you are interested write to us and let us tell you more.

S. D. KNICKERBOCKER & CO., 1233 Jackson Boul., Chicago

Pears'

Pears' soap is nothing but soap.

Pure soap is as gentle as oil to the living skin.

Pears' is the purest and best toilet soap in all the world.

Sold all over the world.

"TYRIAN" EXCEL NIPPLE

No nipple can be made more carefully. Prevents colic and sickness among infants. Cannot collapse.

Sold by All Druggists

Sample Nipple and our book, "Worth Reading," sent FREE for 2c. stamp.

TYER RUBBER CO., ANDOVER, MASS.

"DEARBORN JUNIOR" Typewriter Table Cabinet
42 in. long. 24 in. deep

Takes place of the ordinary typewriter desk costing twice the money. Golden oak, handsome finish, handy, serviceable, invaluable. Delivered east of Rocky Mountains, freight prepaid, for $10. If not satisfactory return at our expense. Write for catalogue of the famous Dearborn Cabinets.

DEARBORN DESK CO., Birmingham, Ala.

The Reading Table

"JEST ES LIKE ES NOT"
I.
Jest es like es not some day,
Things'll start to come my way.
Don't no two folks think alike
Where the lightnin's goin' to strike.
S'pose I ain't so good o' workin'
S'pose I sometimes do some shirkin'
Some day luck'll strike my pa'th
Jest es like es not.
II.
Jest es like es not some day
Folks won't git so all-fired gay
When I start off up the crick
With my fishin' line an' stick
I don't set no great store by
Them es starts in work at dawn
'Twill be took from them that's got
Jest es like es not.
III.
Jest es like es not some day,—
Jest when luck is goin' to beckon,—
Still some day I'll fool 'em all;
Might be springtime, might be fall,
But I'll be right on the spot,
Jest es like es not.
SAM STINSON

Roosevelt and the Kittens

A trait of President Roosevelt, conspicuously different from the character with which he is commonly credited, was displayed a few afternoons ago.

In company with Secretary Root he had been enjoying a horseback ride to Chevy Chase. On their return, easing up from the vigorous gait of the outing, they were jogging along Sixteenth Street near the Henderson Castle when a series of plaintive cries attracted the President's attention.

"What is it?" asked Secretary Root.

"Kittens, I think," replied the President, turning his horse around. "And they seem to be in distress."

Then the Chief Magistrate began an investigation and discovered that the melancholy chorus issued from the open catch-basin of a sewer.

The President beckoned to two urchins who, from an awed distance, were admiringly watching the performance.

"Will one of you boys crawl into the opening while the other holds his legs?" President Roosevelt asked.

Sport like that with the greatest personage in the United States as umpire could come reasonably only once in a lifetime, and the boys fairly tumbled to the opportunity.

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed the President. "Now, what do you find there?"

"Cats in a bag," shrilled the boy with his head in the sewer. The other boy sturdily clung to his companion's legs. The kittens, unaware that their plight had stirred the sympathies of the head of a nation and that their deliverance was at hand, wailed as if a new calamity were about to strike.

"Drag them out," came the command.

In a moment the President of the United States, the Secretary of War and two excited youngsters stood around the rescued litter. Three forlorn kittens struggled feebly. Then the wrath of the leader who has slaughtered wild game, and shot down armed men in battle, blazed into epithets upon the wretch who had flung the kittens to die in slow agony.

The commotion brought out a wondering butler from a neighboring residence.

"Will you care for these little kittens?" asked the President; "give them milk and a place to live?"

Had the man been asked to accept a Cabinet portfolio he could not have responded with more heartfelt eagerness.

The President thanked him, told the astonished urchins they were little men, and, joining Secretary Root, moved on to the White House.

Medals of the Presidents

President Roosevelt's medal has been already added to the national collection at the Philadelphia Mint. It was made in beeswax originally, from a profile photograph of the President, and was as big as the largest-sized dinner-plate. A little vermilion was added to the wax for color, and some gum was mixed with it to render its consistency better for modeling. Then the artist in charge proceeded to fashion the portrait like a huge cameo, using for the purpose two or three simple wooden tools and a brush of delicate bristles to mark the hair.

The waxen cameo when finished was reproduced in metal by the electrotyping process, and then a copy of it was made in steel, on a small scale, this work being accomplished by an ingenious machine. As a blunt point traveled over every part and sinuosity of the electrotyped medallion, a revolving tool, pointed with a diamond, cut away at a steel disk three inches in diameter, reproducing the original with absolute accuracy, but greatly reducing the size. As a result, all crudities of the first cameo disappeared, being refined down, and the completed steel copy was finally converted into an intaglio by pressing it into a piece of soft steel and hardening the latter. The intaglio was the die used for striking the medal.

The Roosevelt medal is of bronze—90 per cent. copper, 6 per cent. tin, and 4 per cent. zinc. Anybody who wants one can get it by applying to the mint and paying the very moderate price of two dollars. In fact, the coin factory keeps similar medals of all the Presidents for sale as far back as John Adams. They make a very pretty collection, and are well worth owning. A special medal of President Garfield, in gold, was struck soon after his death, and for that you must pay nine dollars; but you can get it in silver for only sixty cents.

Ordinarily these medals of the Presidents are made of bronze only.

"The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet."
—Shakespeare.

If you would have your guests carry away most pleasant memories serve

NABISCO Sugar Wafers for dessert

Made in many flavors. Sold only in sealed tins.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

UNDERWOOD'S

Take it with you for an Outing Lunch

For every occasion, Wheeling, On the Links, On the Cruise, In Camp or at the Seashore, it is most palatable, appetizing, nourishing and satisfying. Requires no cooking, always ready. ¼lb. can makes 12 sandwiches. Send for Free book of recipes to the

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., BOSTON, MASS.

The IDEAL SQUARE STEAM Cooker

With Doors. Cooks a whole meal over 1 burner, on *gasoline, oil, gas, or common coal stove.* **Reduces Fuel Bills One-Half** Has water gauge and replenishing tube on outside. Makes tough meats tender. Will hold 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. We also make the world-renowned round Ideal Cooker with whistle. *We pay express.* The Housekeeper's Friend. Agents' Bargains. Send for illus. catalogue. Agents Wanted.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Box 12, Toledo, O.

OLD CARPETS made into NEW MOSS RUGS AND DRUGGETS

Send us your old discarded carpet and we will return to you a beautiful floor decoration. Write for our free booklet, tells how we make them. *Established 1880.*

MAGE CARPET & RUG M'F'G CO., 403 W. 12th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

STAMMER

The Reed Method for the cure of stammering is based on an actual class-room experience with nearly 3000 stammerers. It leads to perfectly normal speech. Write for book explaining methods to

FRANK A. REED, 397 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

THE GOERZ —
ANSCHÜTZ
CAMERA

WILL make pictures when others fail, and will take anything others can.

Needs Less Light Than Any Other.

Most compact, lightest and most complete. A wonderful instrument for obtaining full-timed results when speed is essential. Fitted with the famous

Goerz Lens and Focal Plane Shutter

Catalogue free from your dealer or

C. P. Goerz Optical Works
Room 32, 52 E. Union Square, N. Y.

MAIN OFFICE: Berlin, Friedenau, Germany

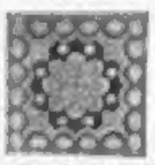
Business Men

Interested in knowing the profitable advantages of the Loose Leaf Ledger System and improved business methods should write Department C,

The Richmond & Backus Co.
Detroit, Mich.

We Carpet Your Floor for $3

To introduce our new, serviceable and beautiful



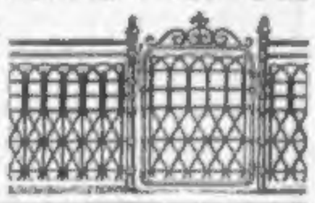
BRUSSELETTE ART RUGS

Attractive and artistic patterns, woven on both sides and in all colors and sizes. Easily kept clean and warranted to outwear higher-priced carpets. Sent prepaid to any point east of the Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Illustrated catalogue showing rugs in actual colors sent free.

Sanitary Mfg. Company 23 Bourse Building Philadelphia, Pa.

ORNAMENTAL FENCE

35 designs, all steel. Handsome, durable.—Cheaper than a wood fence. Special inducements to church and cemeteries.
Catalogue free.



KOKOMO FENCE MACHINE COMPANY
450 North St.
Kokomo, Indiana

"How To Buy A DIAMOND"

RIGHT WAY—RIGHT PRICE

Our new booklet is worth $10.00 to an intending diamond or jewelry purchaser. It's Free. 100 points to guide you in diamond buying. Sent on approval, express paid. Pin money buys diamonds by our charge account system. Write today.

GEO. E. MARSHALL, 101 State Street, Chicago

LIGHTEST WEIGHT, AIR CHAMBERS, CANNOT SINK

This galvanized sheet steel boat cannot leak, never requires caulking, weighs 85 lbs. Easiest handled. Safest in rapids. Ideal boat for sportsmen.

"Get There" Safety Steel Duck Boat. Complete $90 up. Catalogue FREE

W. H. MULLINS
354 Depot St., Salem, O.

Art of Writing English

Persons who wish to speak and write English correctly will learn much to their advantage by sending stamp for our catalog of practical books; the works of enriched and mellow minds; of especial value to the home student.

ACADEMIC PUBLISHING CO., 450 Garfield Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PATENT SECURED or FEE returned. FREE opinion as to patentability.

Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

"IRONQUILL"

THE NEW COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS

By FRANK P. MacLENNAN

EUGENE FITCH WARE, "Ironquill," the new Commissioner of Pensions, is an optimist to the superlative degree. His blood is full of red corpuscles. He likes warm things—birds or battles. He will sprinkle a hot plate of soup with red pepper, adding tabasco sauce as if it were catsup. He enjoys a tilt in debate. He revels in a contest of any kind. Anything is better to him than too much peace. Yet he believes with McKinley in "amity, not animosity; reciprocity, not retaliation." He prefers to look forward to "Roosevelt and 1904" rather than a century backward to "Jefferson and 1804."

It is firmly believed in Kansas and surrounding States that the President could not have selected a fitter man for this place at the threshold of the Cabinet—this position at the head of the government bureau which handles daily nearly half a million dollars. The other States will come to this same opinion.

Roosevelt, the man, made this selection. Roosevelt, the President, issued the commission. Roosevelt's acquaintance with "Ironquill" began years before he met Ware. Speaker Reed discovered the Kansas rhymes and became enamored of them. He kept a copy of "Ironquill" constantly upon the Speaker's table in the trying days when he played Czar, and it gave him relief from tedious debate and protracted nervous strain. It was Tom Reed who told Theodore Roosevelt, then Police Commissioner of New York City, of his find. Roosevelt, in turn, became a lover of the prairie songs.

So it happened that when, on a hot July morning, two weeks after the Philadelphia convention had nominated "McKinley and Roosevelt," the vice-presidential nominee was going out to Oklahoma City to attend a Rough Riders' reunion, Ware and some fellow-Topekans were invited to join him, and the personal acquaintance of these two congenial spirits began. As they shook hands heartily, those near could discern what each was himself to the other saying, as though this were the dialogue that actually took place:

Roosevelt: "You are one after my own heart."

Ware: "You are my kind of a man."

Soon Roosevelt, Ware and another were seated in the corner of the observation car in which they were riding.

Roosevelt at once began with Reed's favorite selection, reciting the following fable:

"Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bird pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed
At that zephyr in a gay,
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr, in about
Half a jiffy, took that pup,
Tipped him over, wrong side up;
Then it turned him wrong side out.
And it calmly journeyed thence
With a barn and string of fence.

When communities turn loose
Social forces that produce
The disorders of a gale,
Act upon the well-known law:
Face the breeze, but close your jaw.
It's a rule that will not fail;
If you bay it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out."

"Well," said the third of the trio, "you seem to know 'Ironquill's' poetry."

"Oh," said the chief of the Rough Riders, "you should hear Mrs. Roosevelt quote Ware's verse; she knows the volume like a book. My recitation isn't a circumstance to what she can repeat."

As the train ran west, the sturdy Kansan and the man who was not talking politics, but just going to a reunion of his old comrades, grew more cordial and better acquainted between the waiting crowds. At noontime, luncheon was announced. A dozen people or so sat down. Two or three Congressmen, a national committeeman, the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, a prominent railway official, three or four newspaper correspondents, and other guests were at the table. This was the first time the coming President and the head-to-be of his Pension Bureau dined together. Ware had no thought of ever serving on Roosevelt's staff. It was merely a case of the meeting of two good men who had a good time.

Ware is one of the most democratic Republicans in Kansas. He belongs to no section. All factions can claim him as their own. Truckling to nobody, he commands the respect of all. He would not cross the street for an office; yet would he cross the continent to show gratitude for any complimentary preferment. He wastes no time pulling wires, but takes matters as they come.

Nothing in the game of politics ever worries Ware. Things may come or go. He will still bunch his eyebrows in his law office and turn out a good and profitable basket of knitting. Ware is generous, firm, systematic and businesslike; tremendously industrious, built for work. He is over six feet in height, weighs over two hundred pounds, and is robust and erect. He walks, looks and acts the lifelong soldier. He is at home in all the States of the Union, having almost lived in nearly all of them. The cities are all familiar to him. He knows the interesting people and places in New York far better than half the people who live there. Wherever there are books and pictures and bright people he is at home. He likes Plutarch, Homer, Cicero, and the first chapter of David Harum. His education has been largely in what a well-known Kansan once called Knock-About University. He holds the degree of Master of Arts from that hall of learning.

His law office in Topeka is eight feet by thirty. At one end is the desk upon which he puts his arms; at the other, behind shelves of Kansas Reports, a lounge upon which he rests his bones—at rare intervals.

Not long ago an annoying client would not tell the truth. One bright morning he came to Ware's desk as usual. He was startled by seeing before him, fresh-painted on the wall, in large Roman characters, the sentence: "The Lord hates a liar." The client never came back. A few days later the wall was restored to its original whiteness, Ware to his peace of mind.

Ware enjoys a joke on himself as well as on another. At his home the night of his appointment, a voice at the telephone said:

"What about the story charging you with shooting four Confederate prisoners in Southern Missouri in 1864?"

"What's that?" said he. "Where do you get that? Who is this?"

"This is a reporter for the morning paper and we want to know whether or not you deny the story."

"Deny nothing! Who says it? Who is responsible? Wait till I come down."

Here the voice was changed and the irate "Ironquill" recognized the voice of his junior partner, laughing at the other end of the wire.

Telegrams and letters, mostly congratulatory, piled high on Ware's desk for days after his appointment. George R. Peck, of Chicago, wired: "Hearty congratulations. You have tackled a hard job, but will master it, and 'wear Arcturus for a bosom pin'"—a quotation from "Ironquill." Then there was a message from United States Senator W. A. Harris, the Democratic Senator from

Nordrach Milk and Rest Cure

(Formerly of Stamford, Conn.)

Phoenicia, Ulster Co. (Southern Catskills,) New York, for brain-weary business men and tired women, and those who suffer from Mal-Assimilation and Insomnia. All the tested methods of Physiologic Therapeutics, Nauheim, Sprague Hot Air, Salt and Mineral baths, Massage.

SEND FOR PAMPHLET

ADDRESS

The "NORDRACH" MILK AND REST CURE
PHOENICIA, ULSTER CO., NEW YORK

"HELLO, POLLY!"

Parrots are the most jolly, sociable and interesting of all home pets and particularly desirable in homes where there are no children. We import great numbers of choice young hand-raised birds, which are unsurpassed, and we guarantee every bird to learn to talk. A beautiful Cuban

PARROT $4.85 and Cage

if ordered during July or August. Mexican, Panama, African and other kinds at low prices.

Parrot Book, illustrating and describing many varieties and how to care for and train them, free if you mention this magazine. Complete book on birds, 25 cents.

IOWA SEED CO., DES MOINES, IOWA

PIANO Our unique method of selling may interest you. Where no dealer sells our pianos we sell direct; practically bring our large Boston establishment, Factory and Warerooms to your door. We will quote you our lowest prices, explain our Easy Pay System, as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after seeing and trying it, it returns to us and we pay railroad freights both ways. We solicit correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,

103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY

(with top $33.50) of very superior QUALITY, STYLE and DURABILITY

Entire output of two enormous factories, sold direct to consumer. We mfr. full line Buggies, Carriages, Harness, guarantee all goods, ship on approval.

WE DEFY COMPETITION and SAVE DEALERS' PROFIT

Money back if not satisfied. Send for Catalogue and Special Offer.

UNION BUGGY COMPANY, 402 Saginaw Street, Pontiac, Mich.

TELEGRAPHY

LEARNED AT HOME

Practical, thorough course; 15 Days' Trial Free

NAT'L AUT. TEL. CO., Box 4, Valparaiso, Ind.